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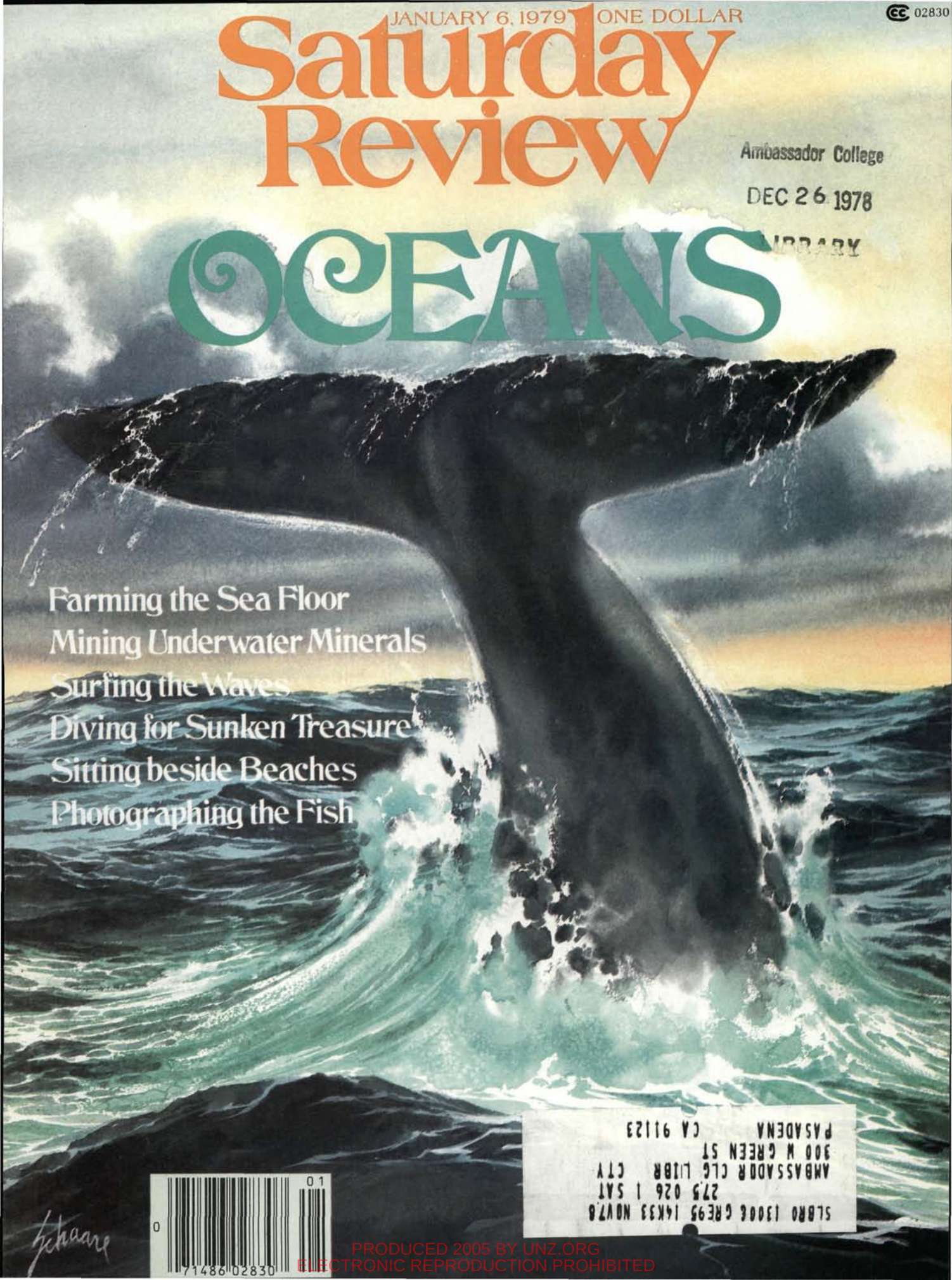

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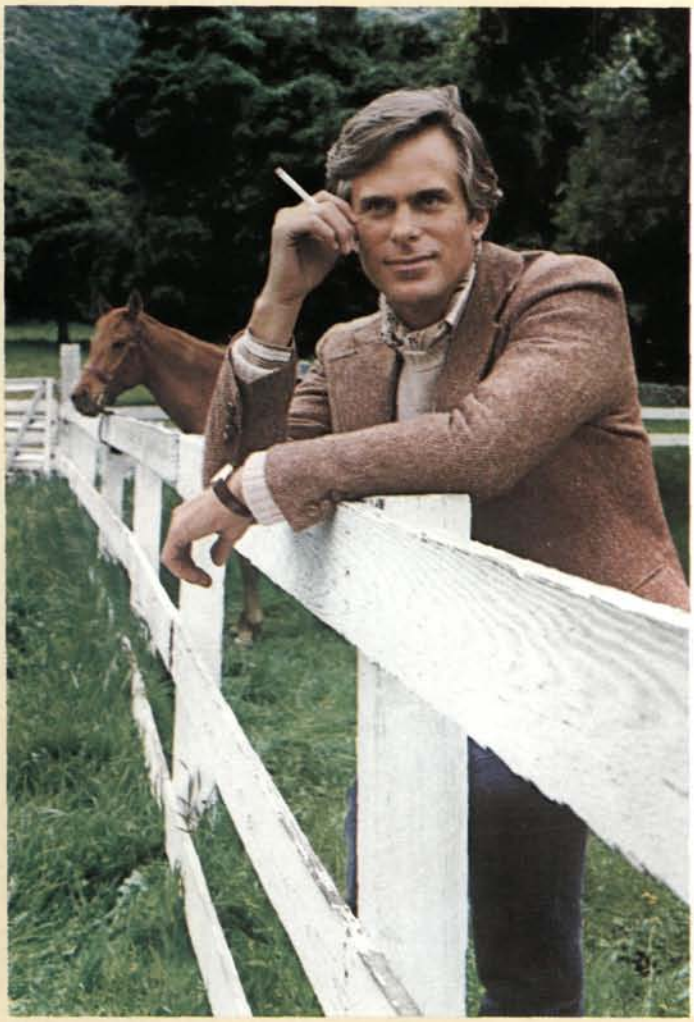
Now. It's a satisfying decision.



Like many people you may recently have switched to a lower tar cigarette, with milder flavor.

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Then the decision is Now.

Now has only 2 mg. tar. And bear this in mind: today's Now has the most satisfying taste in any cigarette so low in tar.

Only 2 mg tar. Significantly lower than 98% of all cigarettes sold.

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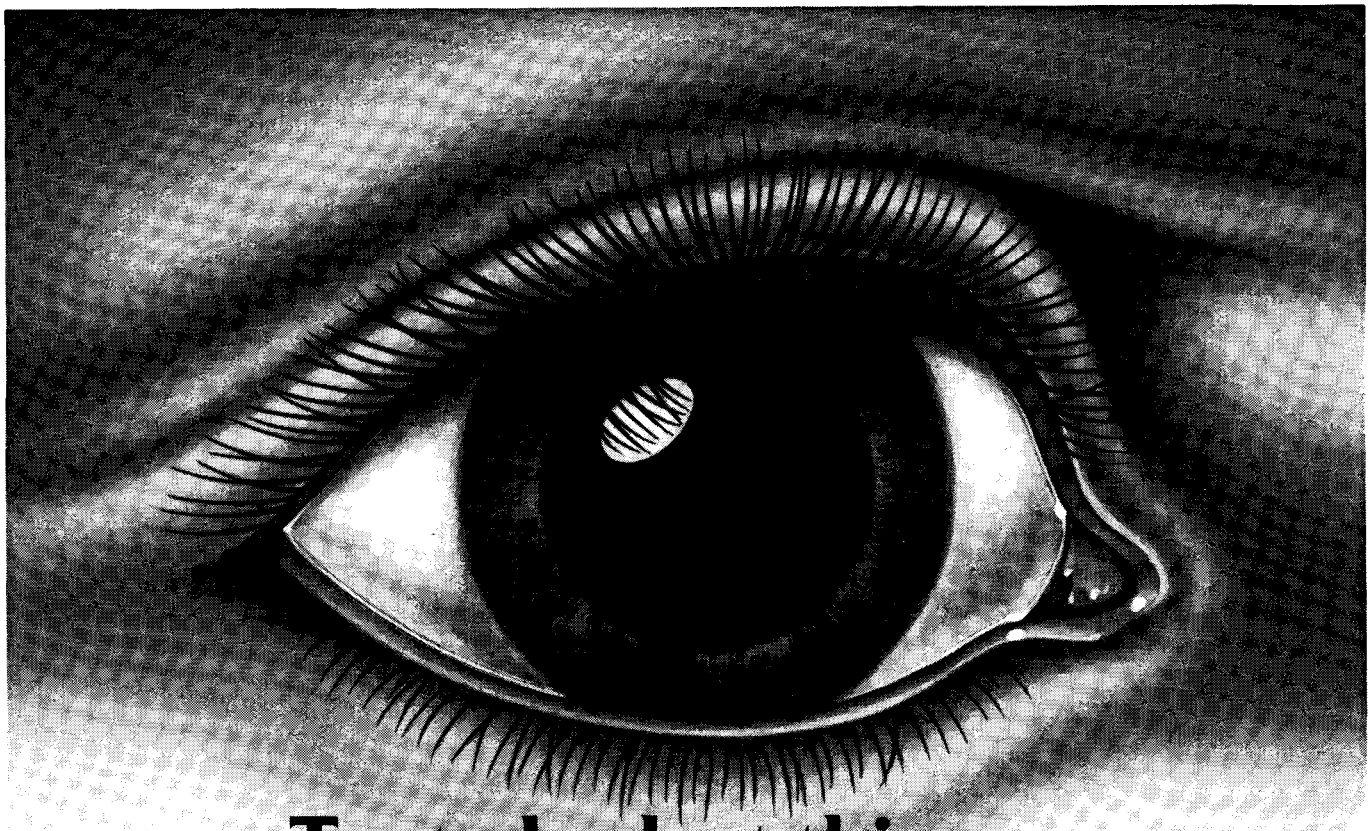

Try to look at this eye without moving yours.

The fact is, you can't do it.

Even in a fixed stare, your eyes are constantly on the move, darting back and forth in two dimensions. Activated by discrete nerve impulses, this micro-motion would make you feel seasick but for the role of perception in smoothing out the tiny, quick jumps.

Now you can explore this fascinating quantum world within the eye in the January issue of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

You'll also discover how photons do the work of electrons in new communications technologies. Fiber optics will serve as "conductors" with their own peculiar electro-magnetic behavior. (Do you know why glass is transparent?)

Just as glass fiber is more than a "light pipe," so a cell membrane is more than a container. This month's issue delves into the working functions of this membrane by examining its structure in detail.

From other articles, you'll learn what lets the sperm whale dive longer and deeper than any other air-breathing animal. And why the continental drift theory holds true despite the recent discovery of continental "roots" penetrating far into the earth's mantle. Even how a piano manages to sound in tune when its individual strings are tuned out of tune.

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One of the biggest gold strikes since Sutter's Mill.

The yield: 3,000 pounds of pure gold.

But it didn't come from a mine. It came from a Western Electric factory.

A new kind of Midas Touch

That's where Western Electric's new process for plating gold is *conserving* the precious metal, through increased efficiency and precision. It's producing better switching components for the Bell System, to make your phone service clearer and more reliable than ever.

It must be gold that's plated to the switching components you see glittering in the photograph, because no other metal can provide the same kind of efficient, reliable, durable, and clear telephone transmission.

But until now, gold-plating had always been a messy and imprecise process. There had been no way to control it accurately. No way to avoid depositing excess gold on the places it was intended to go. And on the places it wasn't.

So Western Electric, working with Bell Labs, designed a totally new system to do the job. Combining the best of electro-chemical and programmed logic control technologies, the new system can plate gold with hair-thin precision. Depositing only the desired amount, only on the designated spot. With no waste whatsoever.

Gilt-edged savings

Besides producing a much better product, Western Electric has mined a savings of $9 million from the process. And that's another way we're helping your Bell Telephone Company hold down the cost of your phone service.

Even bigger benefits

And since the new process uses 55% less gold than the old one, we could more than double production of our improved switching component. Without consuming any more of the shiny natural resource.

But there are more environmental plusses. The new process has almost completely eliminated the gaseous wastes plating used to produce. It's cut the liquid wastes by 90%. And it runs on 67% less power.

This improved gold-plating technique is another way Western Electric is working to hold down the cost, while continually raising the quality of your phone service.

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

Western Electric

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WHAT'S BETTER THAN SPEED READING?

SPEED LEARNING

(SPEED PLUS COMPREHENSION)

Speed Learning is replacing speed reading because it's easy to learn . . . lasts a lifetime . . . applies to everything you read . . . and is the only fully accredited course with the option of college credits.

Do you have too much to read and too little time to read it? Do you mentally pronounce each word as you read? Do you frequently have to go back and re-read words or whole paragraphs you just finished reading? Do you have trouble concentrating? Do you quickly forget most of what you read?

If you answer "yes" to any of these questions — then here at last is the practical help you've been waiting for. Whether you read for business or pleasure, school or college, you will build exceptional skills from this major breakthrough in effective reading, created by Dr. Russell Stauffer at the University of Delaware.

Not just "speed reading" — but speed reading-thinking-understanding-remembering-and-learning

The new *Speed Learning Program* shows you step-by-proven-step how to increase your reading skill and speed, so you understand more, remember more and use more of everything you read. The typical remark made by the 75,000 slow readers who completed the *Speed Learning Program* was: "Why didn't someone teach me this a long time ago?" They were no longer held back by the lack of skills and poor reading habits. They could read almost as fast as they could think.

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The new *Speed Learning Program* does not offer you a rehash of the usual eye-exercises, timing devices, costly gadgets you've probably heard about in connection with speed reading courses or even tried and found ineffective.

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Imagine the new freedom you'll have when you learn how to dash through all types of reading material *at least* twice as fast as you do now, and with greater comprehension. Think of being able to get on top of the avalanche of newspapers, magazines and correspondence you have to read . . . finishing a stimulating book and retaining facts and details more clearly and with greater accuracy than ever before.

Listen-and-learn at your own pace

This is a practical, easy-to-learn program that will work for you — no matter how slow a reader you think you are now. The *Speed Learning Program* is scientifically planned to get you started quickly . . . to help you in spare minutes a day. It brings you a "teacher-on-cassettes" who guides you, instructs, encourages you, explaining material as you read. Interesting items taken from *Time* Magazine, *Business Week*, *Wall Street Journal*, *Family Circle*, *N.Y. Times* and many others, make the program stimulating, easy and fun . . . and so much more effective.

Executives, students, professional people, men and women in all walks of life from 15 to 70 have benefited from this program. Speed Learning is a fully accredited course . . . costing only 1/5 the price of less effective speed reading classroom courses. Now you can examine the same, easy, practical and proven methods at home . . . in spare time . . . without risking a penny.

Examine Speed Learning FREE for 10 days

You will be thrilled at how quickly this program will begin to develop new thinking and reading skills. After listening to just one cassette and reading the preface you will quickly see how you can achieve increases in both the speed at which you read and in the amount you understand and remember.

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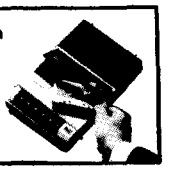

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Saturday Review

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LETTERS

Ethical Money?

According to Roger Williams ["American Business Should Stay in South Africa," September 30], two-thirds of the American corporations in South Africa refuse to agree to equal pay for black and white workers performing the same tasks, training and promotion for blacks, integrated eating facilities in their plants, recognition of black labor unions, and "improvement in the quality of (black) employees' lives outside the work environment."

If that isn't "supporting apartheid, either deliberately or in effect," then what is it?

Julian Bond
State Senator
Atlanta, Georgia

Roger Williams's defense of American corporate investment in a racially repressive nation like South Africa belongs in the paid advertising section, along with all the rest of the "industry as beneficial" ads which conceal a voracious self-seeking force—namely, the endless financial quest for economic well-being.

By allowing even a single American dollar to be invested in South Africa, our government is tacitly condoning human oppression.

Although economic considerations are important, they are secondary to the belief in and upholding of an ethical ideal. The American people must demonstrate to the rest of the world that our ethics are not prepackaged off the assembly line.

Mike Dubé
East Windham, Maine

Roger Williams replies: Senator Bond makes a good point about minority corporate support for the Sullivan principles of corporate behavior in South Africa; I should have made it myself. It is important to add, however, that the number of supporting corporations is increasing steadily, and the ranks of the present supporters include a large majority of the country's biggest and most influential employers. Dubé is living in a dream world divided between fascists and ethical idealists. This is not an issue of "condoning human oppression" but of how to push most effectively for the reform of that racist and repressive society and thereby give the most help to the nonwhites living there.

Holier Than Thou

One need not be a Catholic, or even a Christian, to feel it a mercy that the late Pope John Paul was spared the reading of Carll Tucker's "Letter to the New Pope" [The Back Door, October 14]. Any reader with a particle of religious sensitivity would be hard put to choose between anguish, indignation, and laughter in responding to the absurd self-righteousness of such a letter.

Tucker implies that the fundamental purpose of the Church is to be "the guarantor of [the] social and emotional stability of millions." As if the number of generations satisfied by soothing answers to the eternal questions—and there are greater ones than those you list—were the Church's claim to authority! Satisfied indeed!

The evil of the advertising and marketing that Tucker suggests is that to succeed it must subvert the product it is pushing; it must tempt us to believe only in the satisfaction of the basest longings of our benighted, pipe-dreaming selves. Only the church that rejects all marketing of itself can be worthy of the faith of its adherents.

Gideon Rappaport
Brighton, Massachusetts

Carll Tucker's "Letter to the New Pope" interested me very much, but I do not agree that what the Church needs is better marketing. The reason the Church fails to satisfy people today who are asking the "eternal questions" is that it fails to breathe new life into the old answers.

Tucker's last paragraph expresses an earnest hope, but nothing more. "Anxiety-ridden and aimless souls" will not benefit by the brand of religion to which the Church is committed. There is too great a disparity between what most Christians claim to believe and the practice of these principles.

H.T. Bryans
Wayne, Pennsylvania

Carll Tucker replies: Christ enjoined his disciples to spread the Word. The question today—as it has always been—is how? How do you alert the unaware to the values of the Church, if they never hear what the Church has to say? Marketing is the modern way to make people hear and listen. A church that rejects marketing will dwindle.

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ANSWERS TO DECEMBER PUZZLES

WIT TWISTER No. 132 (page 48)
seaming, gamines, enigmas

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 121 (page 48)
When you reread a classic, you do not see more in the book than you did before; you see more in you than there was before. —Clifton Fadiman

MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 161 (page 63)

(ERMA) BOMBECK: (IF) LIFE IS A BOWL OF CHERRIES (WHAT AM I DOING IN THE PITS?)

I was against coed dorms from the beginning. Not because it was a sensuous supermarket, but because I felt if anyone ever saw my son's bedroom in its natural state, I'd never get the kid married off, and now my worst fears have been realized.

WIT TWISTER No. 131, in the November 25 issue, was contributed by Mary A. Grant, Lawrence, Kansas.

Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 122

LQZX EZ XMGZC OMG FJEAXKAC XMC ZEYC FJGSCZZKGH JCAGNHKWC CEAM GXMCJ KHZXKHAX-KPCUV, ZG BG XMGZC OMG FJEAXKAC XMC ZEYC PKAG.

—FJGQZX

Wit Twister No. 133
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
believed in the medicine man,
For he was the _ _ _ _ _
_ _ _ sage in the clan.
His tricks and chicane may
provide, we allow,
A primitive _ _ _ _ _ _
_ _ of politics now.

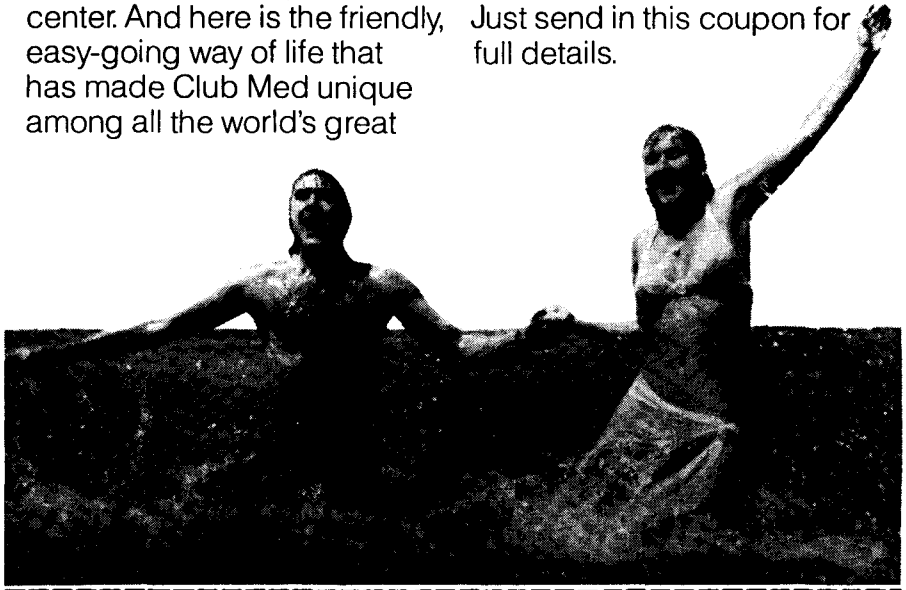
Contributed by Mrs. Thomas E. Harris, Alexandria, Va.

Answers next issue

Club Med invites you to make a big splash in Eleuthera.

Grand Opening March 3rd.

In all the Caribbean, no water is quite so clear as Bahamian water. And the newest Club Med in the world gives you the best of it. Here is a village of pastel-colored vacation cottages where many rooms face the ocean. Here is the fabulously complete scuba and water-sports center. And here is the friendly, easy-going way of life that has made Club Med unique among all the world's great resorts. And the value is as remarkable as Eleuthera itself: at Club Med everything is included in one low price: your room, all meals (wine with lunch and supper) and most sports activities and instruction. So come to the newest Club Med. Bring the family. Wear a smile. We'll do the rest. Just send in this coupon for full details.



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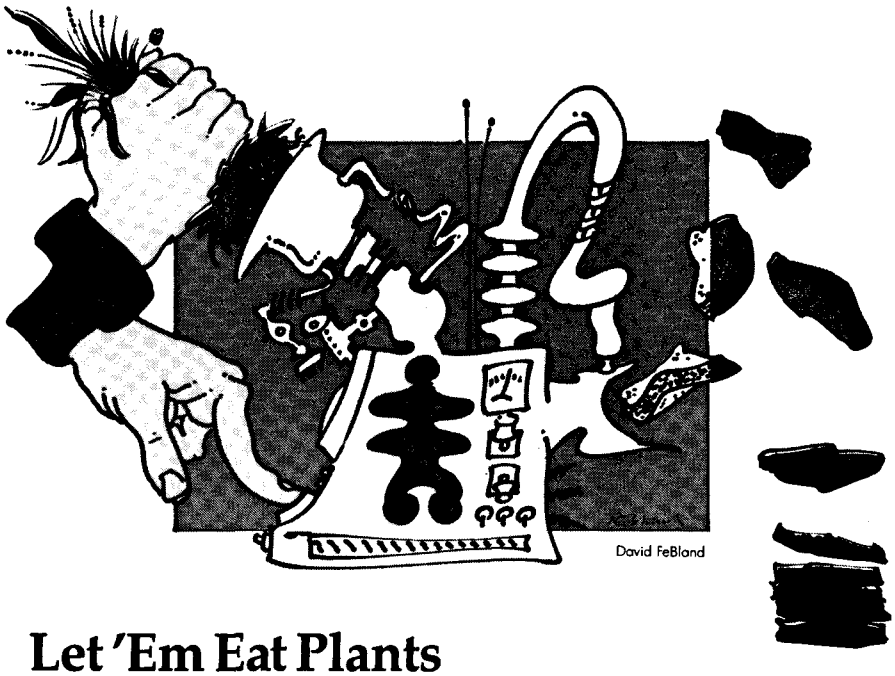


David FeBland

Let 'Em Eat Plants

Natural foods notwithstanding, food is becoming less natural. With a magnificent disdain for the earth's seemingly haphazard methods, modern science has seized on its raw materials with the zeal of a music master shaping a promising pupil. Though we may face this triumph of artifice with some sense of loss, a hungry world leaves us no choice. Among the Foods of Tomorrow:

A group of Pakistani scientists, assisted by Dr. John Evans, an American, has developed a cheap, practical way of mashing grass into a tasteless leaf protein concentrate (LPC) which could add 50 to 70 percent more protein to that country's fare. The Pakistani government has been urging citizens to join the LPC-for-lunch bunch; and Dr. Evans expects LPC to be revolutionizing the world's diet within a decade or two. The only apparent obstacle to the LPCing of the West is that no one has yet figured out how to take the color out of the grass; and few of us are ready for green eggs and ham.

The prince of potatoes, the Russet Burbank, may be deposed by a new strain that, according to the Department of Agriculture, is 50 percent higher in vitamin C and 15 to 20 percent richer in protein, grows faster, looks smoother, resists many of the ills that the potato flesh is heir to, and "makes a good french fry." The developer of this bionic tuber, Paul Pavek, modestly admits that "it's not the perfect potato; it's still on the way up." (It won't ripen in New England soil, for example.) But should the new Butte become the potato of choice nationwide, its greater nutritional value would enable Americans to fulfill 30 percent of their vitamin C needs through potato consumption, rather than the present 20 percent.

Speaking of starch, the paltry nutritional value of our commercial white bread could be enhanced 12 to 15 percent by replacing 5 percent of the wheat flour with a vegetable-based flour, such as soy, according to grain company executive Dr. A. Richard Baldwin. Director of research for Cargill, Inc., Baldwin presented this news to the World Conference on Vegetable Proteins this past November. Though soy flour doesn't cost much more than wheat flour, and has no more flavor than, say, pureed grass concentrate, antiquated FDA regulations limit the use of vegetable flours to 0.5 percent of the total flour. This obstacle aside, Dr. Baldwin expects to do for bread what Dr. Pavek hopes to do for potatoes, and Dr. Evans for everything.

Car 54 Eats Dirt

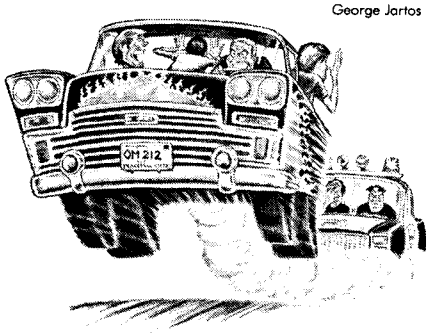
As the world's most profligate consumers of gasoline resign themselves to the pocket-sized energy-efficient car of the future, one group of users refuses to go down without a fight—cops. Police cars, subject to the same emissions and fuel economy standards as civilian models, have been getting slower and smaller, making the apprehension of speeders far less certain than it used to be.

By 1985, a tax on inefficient cars will include those that get less than 27.5 miles per gallon. Chrysler, which controls half the police-car market, has already dropped the horsepower of its police models from 335 in 1970 to 195 in 1979. This year's model limps along at 120 mph, down 10 mph from 1978.

"We're getting all these small cars and the bad guys are going to hang on to their big cars," said Jerome McNulty, Deputy Superintendent of the New York State Police, in a recent *Newsday* interview. "They're just going to suck us right up their exhaust pipes unless the government does something special for us."

The International Association of Chiefs of Police has been leaning on the EPA for exemptions. But EPA officials note that the Clean Air Act permits exemptions only for "research, investigation, study, demonstration, or national security." The EPA's legal staff has yet to decide whether our national security is endangered by the possibility of some souped-up Chevy leaving a police car in its tracks.

George Jartos



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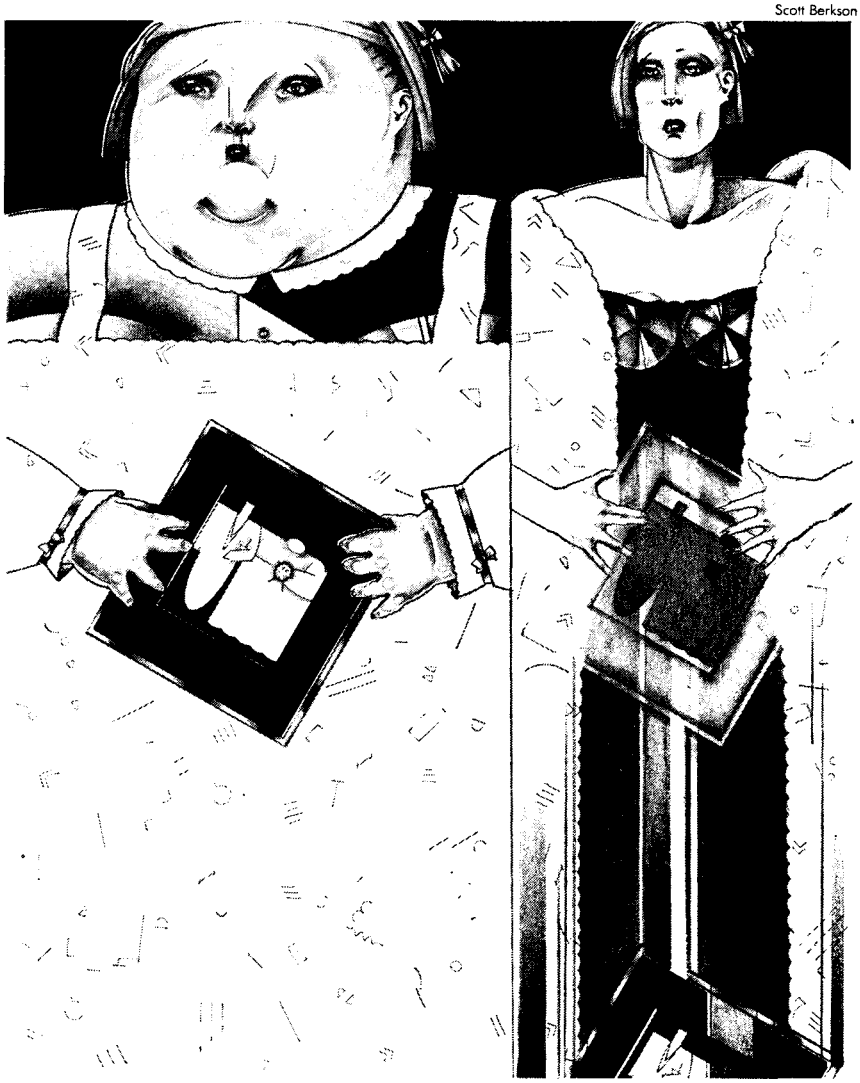
Scott Berkson



Eschewing the Fat

The late comic troubador Allan Sherman once eulogized an imaginary wife's vast proportions with the memorable couplet, "Love of my life, I'm glad I found you,/Each day I take a walk around you." Mr. and Mrs. Goldfarb's marital vows were cemented with chopped chicken liver and shrimp cocktail. Had Mrs. G. shed her tonnage, she would have lost her lover; and that, says a research doctor, is an oft-told tale.

After studying couples in which the wife underwent an intestinal bypass operation to drastically reduce her weight—as much as 100 pounds in six months—Dr. John R. Neill found that their marriages couldn't withstand the change. As the women watched their flesh melt away like springtime snow, old memories of socializing, not to mention sexualizing, began to crop up. Their husbands, instead of breaking out the dancing shoes, began working late or drinking; several became homosexuals.

The men, of course, were terrified by the change. As Dr. Neill points out, "Obesity serves as a stabilizing cohesive for some marriages." That is, thin folk don't marry the portly despite their bulk, but *because* of it. The gratitude of one partner and the peaceful assurance of the other can disappear as quickly as the prodigious bulk that fostered them.

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EDITORIAL

The Reign of the Religious Fanatic

GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS have acknowledged that they knew members of the People's Temple had been fraudulently exploited and were even in some personal danger. But the officials said they were helpless to intervene in view of the religious nature of the organization and the protection afforded it under the First Amendment.

Thus is revealed once again the curious paralysis of American society when confronted with any knave or fanatic who wraps himself in the mantle of religion. Almost anyone can form a sect, prey on its members, collect money, use the cash for his own purposes, and apply for and receive tax-exempt status and benefits. Misrepresentation, deceit, chicanery, falsification of records, and even theft can be disguised as religious undertakings and carried out with immunity and impunity. All this becomes possible because of the mindless assumption in American society that anything calling itself a religion is deserving of special respect and privilege. We apply the term *religious tolerance* indiscriminately and promiscuously, laying ourselves wide open for any charlatan who uses the mumbo-jumbo of "religion" to accomplish his fraudulent and anti-social designs.

If a burglar broke into your home and made off with your valuables, police would spring into action and an alert would be sent out to track him down; but if a religious fanatic inveigles you into parting with your property or half your weekly salary, the law offers no protection and shrugs at your loss. If your child were kidnapped, federal, state, and city officials would run over one another in the attempt to get at the kidnapper; but if a religious racketeer brainwashes your child and causes him or her to leave your home and turn against you, the authorities say they are without means to help you. If someone were to imprison you in a private jail or concentration camp, the government would come to your aid; but if your jailors call their prison a religious commune, there is no clear way the government can help you because your captors can invoke the religious clause of the First Amendment.

Where did the notion originate that religious movements should be beyond the law? Certainly not with the American Founding Fathers. When they spoke about freedom of religion they had something in mind quite different from the position attributed to them today. The founders of this nation came here to get out of the clutches of state-sponsored religions that perpetrated all sorts of injustices and outrages against which the citizenry had no recourse under the law. When the Founding Fathers spoke about freedom of religion, they were thinking of the need to separate religion from political authority. Freedom of religion was intended to protect the individual in his right to believe or not to believe, to affiliate or not to affiliate, to worship in a church or to worship in his own home, or not to worship at all. Freedom of choice was what the First Amendment was all about. The Founding Fathers never intended that religious organizations or their representatives should enjoy exemption from the laws. They saw fanaticism as a denial, not an assertion, of spiritual belief. The notion that they would have tolerated the kind of venal exploitation and predatory assaults that, under the guise of religion, have disfigured this nation in recent years is poor history and even poorer policy.

In a way, the mass murder at Jonestown was inevitable. Sooner or later the freedom of half-crazed and evil men to mesmerize and manipulate people in the name of religion, brotherhood, togetherness, common sacrifice, and community was bound to lead to a collective and hideous tragedy. "Fanatics have their dreams," wrote Keats, "wherewith they weave a paradise for a sect." But fanaticism also converts paradises into private prisons. It is irresponsible to think that society's indifference to or toleration of corruption and violence by fanatics, however heavily robed, will not reach a hideous culmination. Our reaction of shock and outrage over the mass murder at Jonestown will be a terrible waste of human emotion if we do not accept our own share of the responsibility for that monstrous event. By providing special dispensations to religious despots and demons, we set a stage on which they can play out their macabre plots.

And all the sorrow over the 900 men, women, and children whose corpses were so entangled that they could hardly be counted will be meaningless unless we recognize that there is more than one Jonestown. The same dangerous nonsense is being peddled today by a dozen or more religious cults. The same opportunity offered by society and seized by Jim Jones is being effectively exploited right now by those who know how easy it is to get people to reach for a better life on earth and in heaven; who can readily turn to their own advantage the inherent desire of people to come together in the name of a common humanity; and who are quick to recognize the absence of spiritual fulfillment in the lives of so many Americans, especially the young.

It is not enough, therefore, to lament the mass tragedy in Guyana. So long as we are prepared to provide unlimited hospitality and give status and tax benefits to imposters and spurious organizations who call themselves religious, we must be prepared to deal with the horrors that are their natural progeny.

—N.C.

"Don't go underwater while I'm talking to you!"

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LIGHT REFRACTIONS

Felling the Spreading Hoax

by Thomas H. Middleton

THE DEVELOPMENT of the flush toilet has been attributed to an Englishman named Sir Thomas Crapper. I first read of him several years ago in a full-page advertisement for, as I recall, a brand of whiskey. I don't think he had been knighted at the time. I think the ad referred to him simply as Thomas Crapper. The only things I remember with great clarity are that the ad was not for anything closely connected with toilets and that I didn't believe it. I was sure that Thomas Crapper was the creation of a copywriter with a wicked sense of humor and a talent for outrageous invention. I'm still inclined to think so.

Sir Thomas has had considerable success. A member of the Greater London Council recently declared that "Mr. Crapper [note the loss of the honorific] deserves a memorial," and proposed that a plaque be nailed to the building where Crapper built and sold his invention. Oddly enough, no one could locate the building.

I have encountered Sir Thomas's reputation myself when speaking at a meeting of Mensa members with a special interest in cryptography and word puzzles in general. During the question-and-answer period, someone mentioned *The People's Almanac*, that huge collection of fact and fiction by David Wallechinsky and his father, Irving Wallace. I said that I was sure that Wallace and son had done *The People's Almanac* mostly for fun and profit and not as a serious reference work. Fun it surely is, and I assume it has also been profitable.

To demonstrate the fact that *The People's Almanac* is not to be taken entirely seriously, I mentioned that it has a section on Sir Thomas Crapper, and I said that this was obviously a joke. The *Almanac* says that Thomas Crapper invented Crapper's Valveless Water Waste Preventer, and that this "resulted in his being knighted and he became Sir Thomas Crapper. American soldiers visiting England in W.W. I were delighted with Crapper's device, which of course had his name emblazoned on it. Returning to the U.S., doughboys delighted in describing Crapper's wonder," and so on.

When I said that one couldn't take Sir Thomas Crapper seriously, several Mensa members protested that the Almanac's account was true, and one woman said she owned a book about Sir Thomas.

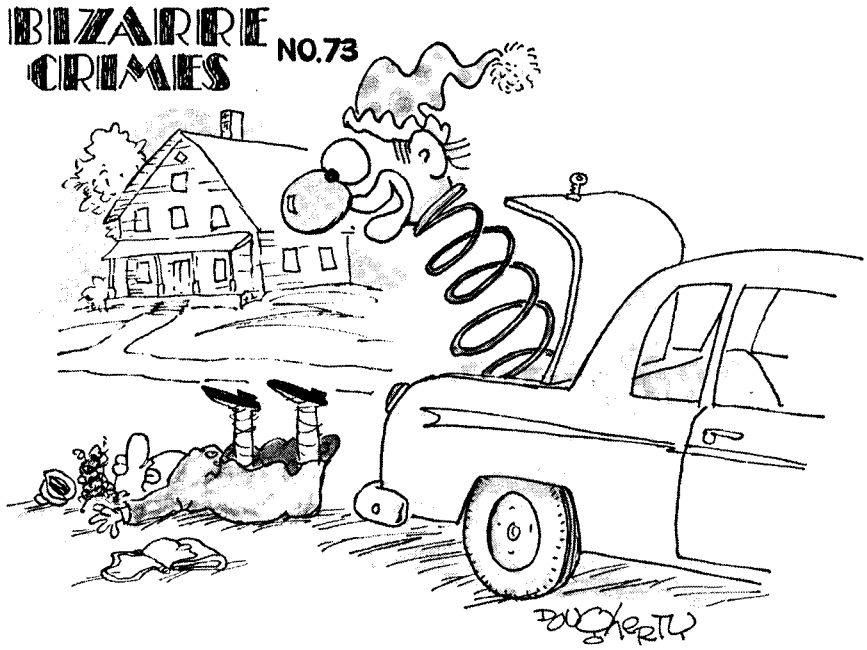
I admit that I'm delighted at this hoax, and I don't relish the role of spoiler, wet blanket, party-poop, or point-killer; and, of course, there's a chance that I'm wrong—that there really was a Crapper's Valveless Water Waste Preventer. In that case, the joke is on me. But, given the fact that *crap* has been a member of the English language for at least a couple of hundred years, quite respectable as a term for chaff, residue, or dregs, but also somewhat disreputable as a slang term for the gallows, money, junk, and excrement, I find it incredible that a man by the unusual and much too felicitous name of Crapper should have come along with this invention. That his existence remained virtually unknown until the linguistic freedom of the 1970s permitted its rediscovery compounds my skepticism.

The creator of Sir Thomas Crapper has obviously had considerable success with his invention, and I'm putting myself in the uncomfortable position of simultaneously applauding his deviltry and exposing his hoax. On the other hand, a hoax that goes unexposed is not entirely satisfactory, for the same reason that the master criminal, having committed the perfect crime, must feel an almost uncontrollable yearning to tell the world about his masterpiece.

I feel certain that Irving Wallace and David Wallechinsky knew they were perpetuating a hoax and that that was part of the fun of compiling *The People's Almanac*. They also include the outrageous story of the invention of the brassiere by one Otto Titzling, who "heard a young, aspiring opera singer, Swanhilda Olafsen, complain of discomfort and the lack of support corsets gave to her huge breasts. Inspired, he invented a chest halter to provide uplift and shapeliness for her bosom." Later, "a Frenchman, Philippe de Brassière, a former wartime flying ace and Paris dress designer," stole his design. "Titzling sued for infringement, but lost (except for minor damages) because he had no patent. De Brassière's flair for promotion forever made his name immortal as the spurious inventor of the brassiere or bra."

If anyone buys that, I'm offering a first edition of the complete works of Socrates for only five thousand bucks.

As I said, it's possible that I'm wrong about the Valveless Water Waste Preventer. Perhaps one night when a full moon is hidden by a raging thunderstorm, at the very witching time, three spirits will stand by my bedside, shaking their gory locks and introducing themselves as the shades of the inventors René Chambrepot, Archibald Outhouse, and Sir Thomas Crapper. ◉



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TOP OF MY HEAD

A Nuclear New Year

by Goodman Ace

TWO MONTHS ago President Carter went on TV and told us he had a plan to resolve our inflation problem. If we promise to voluntarily hold down prices and wages, in return he would promise to voluntarily hold down government spending. To date that plan has resolved itself only into a couple of split infinitives.

It probably would not have worked anyway. In a one-on-one poll in which I asked my grocer what he would do if I volunteered to pay him 50 cents for a can of chili marked 83 cents and walk out, he said he would volunteer to call a cop. I think our President will have to invite my grocer to Camp David for a little chat.

But the housewives of America cheered the plan. What were a couple of split infinitives next to the privilege of returning to their supermarkets, where for months they had been gazing forlornly at the prices of beef, lamb, pork, veal, and hamburger? Happy days are here again.

Well, not exactly. Because suddenly the Pentagon announced that they had asked for, and gotten, a budget of $120 billion to prepare to wage nuclear war with Russia, a war to which we hadn't even been invited yet, and which could make mincemeat out of us all. So hold the beef, lamb, pork, veal, and hamburger. And the happy new year.

I haven't shopped around lately for a war, but $120 billion—can you even imagine what that looks like? Let me spell it out for you on my cash register: $120,000,000,000.00. Those last two ciphers on the end indicate "no cents."

"Are there any questions? Yes, you, madam."

"Thank you, sir, but does it have to be a nuclear war? Why can't it be one of those less expensive, conventional, leisurely wars?"

"Because 'leisurely' is for another game, our national pastime, baseball, where it takes three strikes and you're out. In the international game of nuclear war it's the first strike and you're out. Conventional wars are old hat, old khaki, old helmet, old drum-and-fifey. Next question—that young woman over there."

"Yes sir. Are you knocking what you call a drum-and-fifey war? If you are, I would remind you that General Washington did pretty well with that kind of war, and he didn't need any $120 billion budget."

"Yes, and you could buy a Coke for a nickel then. And don't forget, a good part of that $120 billion goes for our smart, chic, sophisticated network of communications—the CIA, the FBI, and the other spies that keep our generals informed of the enemy's moves. General Washington's communications system consisted of one horse and one man who raced across the country shouting that the British were coming, one if by land and two if by sea. If the Russians were coming today, that man would be shouting, one if by land, two if by sea, three if by air, four if by submarine, five if by Honda, six if by Amtrak, seven if by taxi if it isn't raining or snowing, and eight if by skateboard, the most dangerous weapon in our arsenal. Does that answer your $120 billion question?"

"Vaguely, sir. But I have one serious question. I am a college graduate. I majored in chemical science and I know all the costly chemistry of the components that go into developing a nuclear bomb to destroy people. My question is simple, perhaps naive. Instead of spending all those billions developing the chemistry for nuclear bombs, wouldn't it be more appropriate and humane simply to develop a chemistry between all people?"

"Wonderful. A lovely idea and beautifully articulated. I wish I had said it. I could have, you know. I'm writing this dialogue. And the beauty part is that in saving that $120 billion, we have the answer to our inflation problem. Voilà! We could pay off our $60 billion budget deficit, and have enough left over to finance our HEW program, which someone at the Pentagon seems to think stands for Health, Education and Warfare. OK, we have space for one more question. You, sir."

"Suppose that fancied nuclear war you mention turns out to be real? What do we do then?"

"Well—then—I suppose then it's everybody back to Camp David. And if that doesn't work this time, I'll meet you all on board the nonstop no-frills flight to Armageddon. But I hate leaving you on such a dour note. I would be remiss not to add that there is always hope. For instance, if the enemy declares war, we can just fail to show up. That way we solve our inflation problem, and they're stuck with all those missiles."

And a wishful-thinking happy new year to you, too. ◉

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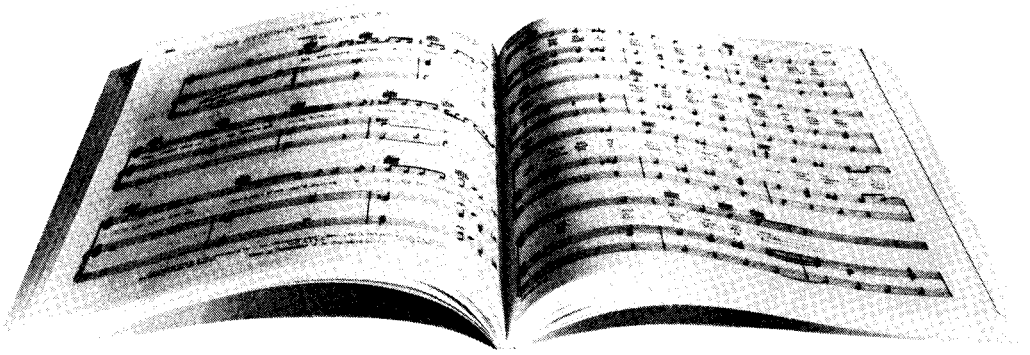

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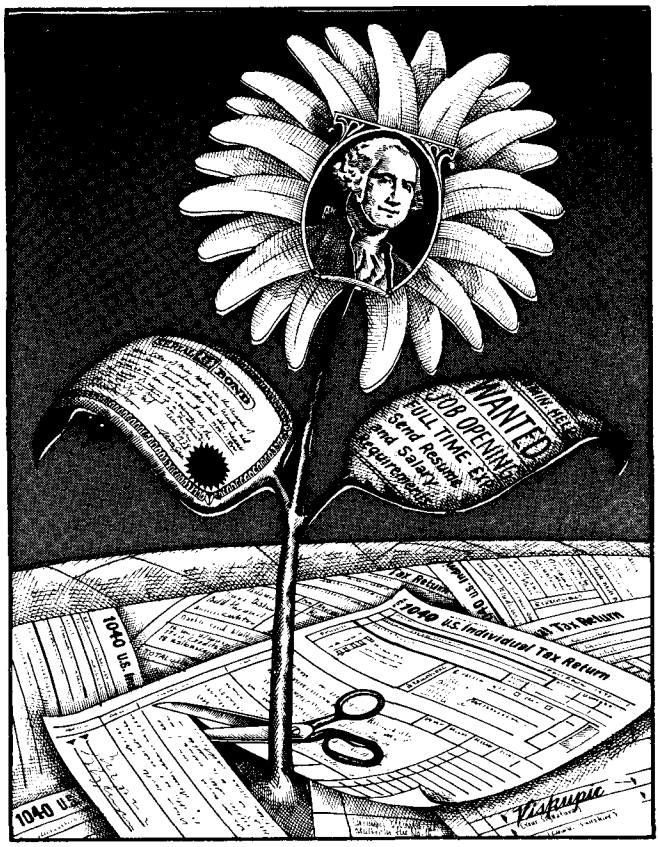
Tax-Cut Theory
Wonder Drug for the Economy?

by John Lenczowski



THERE IS A NEW THEORY circulating around Washington these days that is riding roughshod over the existing debates of the economics profession and the political configurations of contemporary America. It has ambushed the predictions of political pundits. It has baffled the congressional leadership. It is promoting the political fortunes of its proponents while evoking turbulent reactions from economists of widely differing persuasions. Cabinet officials have been denouncing its prescriptions. And the President has been faced with major legislative challenges to a number of his initiatives—challenges based on this new concept.

Despite all the political romance, this theory is known rather unromantically as "supply-side fiscalism," and it is the handiwork of several creative archaeologists who have skillfully exhumed and resurrected the body of the classical economic thought of Jean-Baptiste Say and Adam Smith, which was buried half a century ago. Their theory proceeds from one central observation: If you want more of something, you subsidize it, and if you want less of something, you tax it. In America, we subsidize nonwork, consumption, welfare, debt, and failure, while we tax work, productivity, savings, investment, growth, entrepreneurial activity, and success. Is it any wonder that we are getting more of the former and less of the latter? From this apparently modest claim have come such major legislative initiatives as the 33 percent income tax cut and the scaling back of the capital gains tax. It has launched the soaring political fortunes of Congressman and possible presidential candidate Jack Kemp (R-N.Y.).

For the past several decades, the existing economic orthodoxies of Keynesianism and monetarism have concentrated on the stimulation of demand as the panacea for economic stagnation. Keynesian theory maintains that demand for goods and services rises as consumers or the government have more money to *spend* (as opposed to saving or investment) and that by increasing this demand, the government can encourage greater supply of these goods and services. Monetarism, on the other hand, posits that measured increases of the money supply will put more money in the hands of consumers, who will similarly increase their demand for goods and services, thereby stimulating supply.

Supply-side theory, however, performs a Copernican *bouleversement* of these ideas by reintroducing Say's Law, its classical pedigree, which posits that supply creates its own demand, and does so most efficiently in the absence of artificial barriers to commerce. So the theory relies on the stimulation of supply rather than demand in order to create economic growth: i.e., to provide incentives for work, investment, and all the other elements necessary for the increased supply of goods and services. The creation of such incentives generally means the elimination of the barriers to commerce which impose disincentives to supply. These barriers, collectively known as the "wedge," consist of taxes (and the progressivity of the tax system), tariffs, and government regulations of every kind. The larger the wedge driven between the gross payments awarded to work (or saving, investment, or entrepreneurial risk-taking) and the actual after-tax reward received for that work, the more the disincentives increase and, therefore, the more the economy stagnates. By way of example, take a worker who earns $100, and after income tax, property, sales, social security, state, local, and other taxes, is left with $65. His tax wedge is $35. If you increase that wedge to, say, $50, you might drive that worker either to produce less, to go on welfare, to barter his services, to emigrate, or to evade taxes by demanding remuneration in cash. Similarly, if an employer suffers an increase in his tax wedge, he will be less able to hire new workers or update his plant and equipment. Thus, if the cost of producing goods is raised to a prohibitive level by higher taxes and regulations, no amount of increased demand will cause those goods to be produced. Furthermore, the greater the supply of goods in relation to the money supply, the less prospect there is of inflation.

An essential element of supply-side theory is that an increase in taxes may yield a *decrease* in government revenues. Put another way, there are two tax rates at which the government can collect the identical amount of revenue: a high rate

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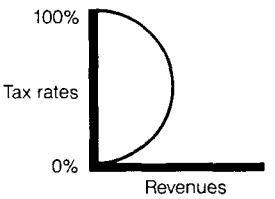
and a low rate. This idea is expressed in the Laffer Curve, named after Professor Arthur Laffer of USC:



At a 100 percent tax rate, the disincentive to supply is so great that production stops in the legitimate money economy for any one of the reasons mentioned above. In any of those cases, the government collects no revenue. As the tax rate is reduced, incentives to supply goods and services in the legitimate money economy increase and, therefore, so do revenues. There is an optimum point of taxation—the maximum level at which people want to be taxed—an amount people are willing to spend on government services. Because this level changes under different political conditions, the curve, itself, is subject to alteration. In wartime people may be willing to be taxed at a 99 percent rate. But when the war is over, such a high rate will produce economic stagnation.

Former *Wall Street Journal* associate editor Jude Wanniski, in his new book, *The Way the World Works*, provides not only the complete and eminently readable exposition of supply-side theory, but a compelling analysis of the historical validity of the Laffer Curve. One of his many examples is the Kennedy tax cut of 1963-64, an across-the-board cut that reduced the system's progressivity. The Treasury Department predicted an $89 billion revenue loss over five years as a result of this cut, but in fact, the end of that period saw a $54 billion gain. The Keynesians believe that such tax cuts, as well as tax rebates, create growth through stimulation of demand, by putting more money back into the hands of taxpayers. Supply-side theory, however, makes a crucial distinction between the stimulative effects of tax-rate cuts and tax rebates that demonstrates the real reasons why tax cutting stimulates growth. Tax rebates may indeed spur demand through increasing the average individual's spending money. But in contrast to cuts in tax *rates*, rebates have no effect upon the incentives to work harder, save, invest, or take risks, and thus cannot truly stimulate real growth.

Perhaps the most exciting by-product of this theory is the new perspective it gives us on the behavior of the stock market and the causes of depressions. Wanniski's analysis of the 1929 crash may well be the most momentous addition to the body of economic knowledge we have had in recent years. In short, he attributes the crash (which actually consisted of several crashes in the last days of October 1929) to the reaction on Wall Street to news from Washington that the Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act of 1930 would pass the Senate. According to supply-side theory, tariffs, which are simply taxes on international transactions, impose disincentives for traders to pursue those transactions. In other words, they serve as disincentives to supply. The Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act, levying tax hikes on 20,000 commodities, and inviting massive foreign retaliation, simply meant that thousands of businesses both at home and abroad would be making less money. And when Presidents Hoover and Roosevelt boosted the disincentives even further by new domestic tax increases, the Depression was set irrevocably in motion.

Several criticisms have been leveled against supply-side fiscalism. One critic questions the validity of the Laffer Curve itself by alleging that revenues would not disappear at very high tax rates because people would see that the state would spend those revenues to provide essential social needs. This criticism, however, ignores the natural human desire for freedom to choose how the fruits of one's labors are to be spent: History furnishes no instance of a people who continued to work at "reasonable" levels of productivity after having lost a goodly portion of this freedom of choice. In the Soviet Union, for example, private, profit-making plots produce 27 percent of total Soviet farm output, though constituting less than 1 percent of the land. Private plots are thus 40 times more efficient than collectives.

Other critics, perhaps the most prominent, maintain that a tax cut is inflationary, either because it excessively pumps up demand, or because it decreases federal revenue without cutting spending, thus forcing the inflationary tactic of printing new money to cover the deficit. The basis for these criticisms is quite simply a refusal to believe that incentives play a significant role in the supply of goods and services. Such a refusal, however, flies in the face of a wealth of historical evidence that tax cuts are indeed followed by noninflationary growth and often with attendant increases in government revenues. The noninflationary growth of the 1920s, when taxes were cut five times, is another example.

A major political criticism holds that these kinds of tax cuts benefit mostly the wealthy. This allegation, which appears most often in connection with capital gains tax cuts, is wrong for several reasons. First of all, in the case of capital gains taxes, the only people who pay such taxes are those who own property, stocks, or other items of value, who choose to sell that property, and who earn a capital gain upon the sale. Clearly, lower-income people, who do not have property to sell, do not have to pay such a tax, so a capital gains tax cut does not affect them *directly*.

There are *indirect* ways, however, in which everybody benefits from tax cuts: In 1969 capital gains tax rates were doubled. Among the results of this move were the halving of the number of investors in the marketplace (eliminating most investors with portfolios of $7,000 or less) and the effective drying up of venture capital in this country. Stockholders, choosing to avoid the capital gains tax, elected not to sell their stock in existing firms. As a result, prospective entrepreneurs were denied access to this locked-in capital and were thus unable to get their businesses off the ground. Whereas in 1968, 300 new high-technology electronics firms were founded in the U.S., in 1976 the number was zero. Clearly those rich investors who could afford to sit patiently on their assets in order to avoid paying the tax would benefit from a capital gains tax cut. But what about all the workers who would have been given jobs if 300 new electronics firms could have been established in 1976? What about all the entrepreneurs who would have started other small businesses or seen existing ones grow had there not been such an adverse climate of taxation and regulation? Businesses in inner cities, for example, which could be the first to hire youngsters from disadvantaged backgrounds; businesses whose would-be entrepreneurs may indeed be currently employed—or more accurately, *misemployed*—in huge firms (the only kinds of businesses that can survive in the high-tax climate) and whose creative energies are given no incentive or opportunity for their full realization. It is this concept of misemployment, incidentally, which obviates all the talk about there being no more "excess capacity" in the economy. The capacity of the economy is a question of quality, not simply of quantity—and, in a society that prides itself on being civilized, the capacity for growth in the quality of intellectual, scientific, technical, and aesthetic development is unlimited. So, too, is the capacity for growth of the quality of economic development.

If economic growth is stifled, the rich are the last ones to be punished; they can afford to shelter their assets, their properties and stocks, and wait out the adverse economic

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conditions comfortably at the top of the economic ladder. Meanwhile, those who are lower on the ladder—even individuals with high incomes that may be taxed at high rates and those struggling to get on the ladder in the first place—are prevented from advancing upward. The reduction of tax burdens, then, is a move designed to give opportunity to those who want to climb. When these people and their businesses are allowed to make money and realize their ambitions, they will be increasingly able to hire new workers at better pay. With more people on the tax rolls and consequently fewer on the welfare rolls, the economy as a whole will have an increased ability to pay not only for government services, but for expanded benefits for those unable to work.

One cannot deny that by creating economic opportunity for the majority of society, one also creates opportunity for the rich. But one wonders if the impoverishment of the whole society is a price worth paying to try to make more "equal" all those rich people who, with their assets, would sooner emigrate to some tax haven than be dispossessed. There is, after all, a way to make people equal other than by lowering some people's standard of living, and that is to raise everybody's standard of living.

This, in simplified form, is the theory of supply-side fiscalism. What has been its impact so far?

It is the basis of the Kemp-Roth Tax Reduction Act of 1978. Authored by Congressman Jack Kemp (R-N.Y.), and based on his belief that we are on the upper, prohibitive section of the Laffer Curve, the bill calls for a 33 percent across-the-board income tax reduction phased over three years. A Democratic version of the bill passed the Senate but was subsequently buried in the House-Senate conference committee. Meanwhile, the bill was endorsed by the Republican party and has become the centerpiece of GOP campaign strategy.

If economic growth is stifled, the rich are the last ones to be punished, while those lower on the ladder are prevented from advancing. The tax rate cut is designed to help those who want to climb.

Supply-side fiscalism is also the basis of the Steiger-Hansen amendment, which calls for the reduction of capital gains tax rates to their 1968 levels. The initiative passed both houses in modified form recently.

Through the vehicles of Kemp-Roth and Steiger-Hansen, supply-side theory posed a formidable impediment in Congress to the President's tax bill. The bill was disfigured beyond recognition, despite strenuous efforts by the Democratic Congressional leadership to salvage it for the President. The result has been that, for the first time in over a decade, attention is being paid in major tax legislation to incentives to work, save, invest, and take economic risks.

Because of its support of Kemp-Roth, Steiger-Hansen, and the theory that underlies them, the Republican party is undergoing its first major transformation in 50 years. Since 1929, the main Republican prescription for economic health has been to balance the budget, and that has required initiating either tax increases or spending cuts. Both salvos have proved unpopular and have led to the party's near-demise. Advocating tax-cutting for economic growth and the attendant prescriptions of supply-side theory as its new policy, the Republicans hope to enlarge the private sector, enlarge the tax base, and thus make government more affordable by the economy as a whole. By offering working people more money out of their own paychecks rather than denying them government services, the GOP may favorably compete with Democratic party initiatives for government programs and income redistribution.

Supply-side theory has also been promoting the political fortunes of its proponents. The first person in national politics to have grasped the economic and political significance of the theory was Congressman Kemp. While vigorously pushing the idea across the country, and selling it to the Republican establishment, Kemp has been winning elections in his heavily Democratic district in Buffalo, with close to 80 percent of the vote. Having become the most popular speaker on the state Republican convention circuit, he stands prominently as a new presidential possibility for the GOP.

THE THEORY is also causing a storm within the economics profession. Walter Heller and Paul Craig Roberts are writing opposing arguments in the *Wall Street Journal*. Herbert Stein and Arthur Laffer are battling it out in the *AEI Economist*, a periodical published by the American Enterprise Institute, a major Washington think-tank. Despite stiff resistance, the theory is being adapted among economic forecasting models on which government economic policy is based.

And supply-side theory has been adopted by the *Wall Street Journal*, transforming its not inconsiderable voice.

In light of all this, what are the implications for the future? If the current trends continue, we may very likely witness some of the following developments:

- A new period of economic growth, spurred by increased political attention to the incentives required for investment, saving, economic risk-taking, and job creation.
- A possible revival of the countries of the Third World.

According to data recently gathered by Wanniski, almost the entire Third World is choking under onerous rates of taxation. In most African countries, for example, one reaches the 75 percent tax bracket after earning some $4,000 per year. These high rates were mandated by both Western Keynesian economists and Western banks so that these poor countries could raise the capital to purchase "infrastructure" projects, which usually ended up as money-losing enterprises whose sole beneficiaries were the Western businesses hired to implement them. Showing the different levels of incentive to supply, Wanniski has compared the economies of Ghana and the Ivory Coast. The two countries are ethnically and geographically identical for all practical purposes, yet one is a failure and the other a success. With very high tax rates, Ghana's per capita income decreased over a decade, while, with visibly lower tax rates, Ivory Coast's per capita income more than tripled.

The economic development of the Third World may have vast political implications. Perhaps the long-standing effort by American foreign-policy makers to win friends and partners in the Third World with common political and economic values may finally bear fruit.

As Irving Kristol has noted, although capitalism may not be a sufficient condition for a liberal society, it does seem, from all historical experience, to be a necessary one. Thus, when capitalism can succeed in nations such as those of the Third World, at least this necessary condition is realized, giving rise to the possibility of enlarging the community of nations that shares the liberal values of the West.

John Stuart Mill once observed that "no great improvements in the lot of mankind are possible, until a great change takes place in the fundamental constitution of their modes of thought." Supply-side theory may be such a great change. ◉

Dr. Lenczowski is an expert on international relations who has been serving on the staff of American Enterprise Institute.

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In Hluhluwe Game Reserve, when Alec [illegible]
he isn't being polite. Merely sincere.

Our people know you've come a long way to meet them. So they go out of their way for you.

In a land filled with spectacular natural beauty, fantastic food and entertainment of every description, the thing that most visitors come away talking about is the friendliness of our people.

Whether it's a stranger, a hall porter or your guide at a game reserve, their sincerity is undeniable. It's also understandable. Anyone who lives in a land so beautiful, and in a climate so beautiful [illegible] has to have a pleasant disposition.

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SAA

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Where No-one's a St[illegible]

South African Airways
[illegible]
New York, NY [illegible]
Please send me more information about South African Airways.

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Address

City

State

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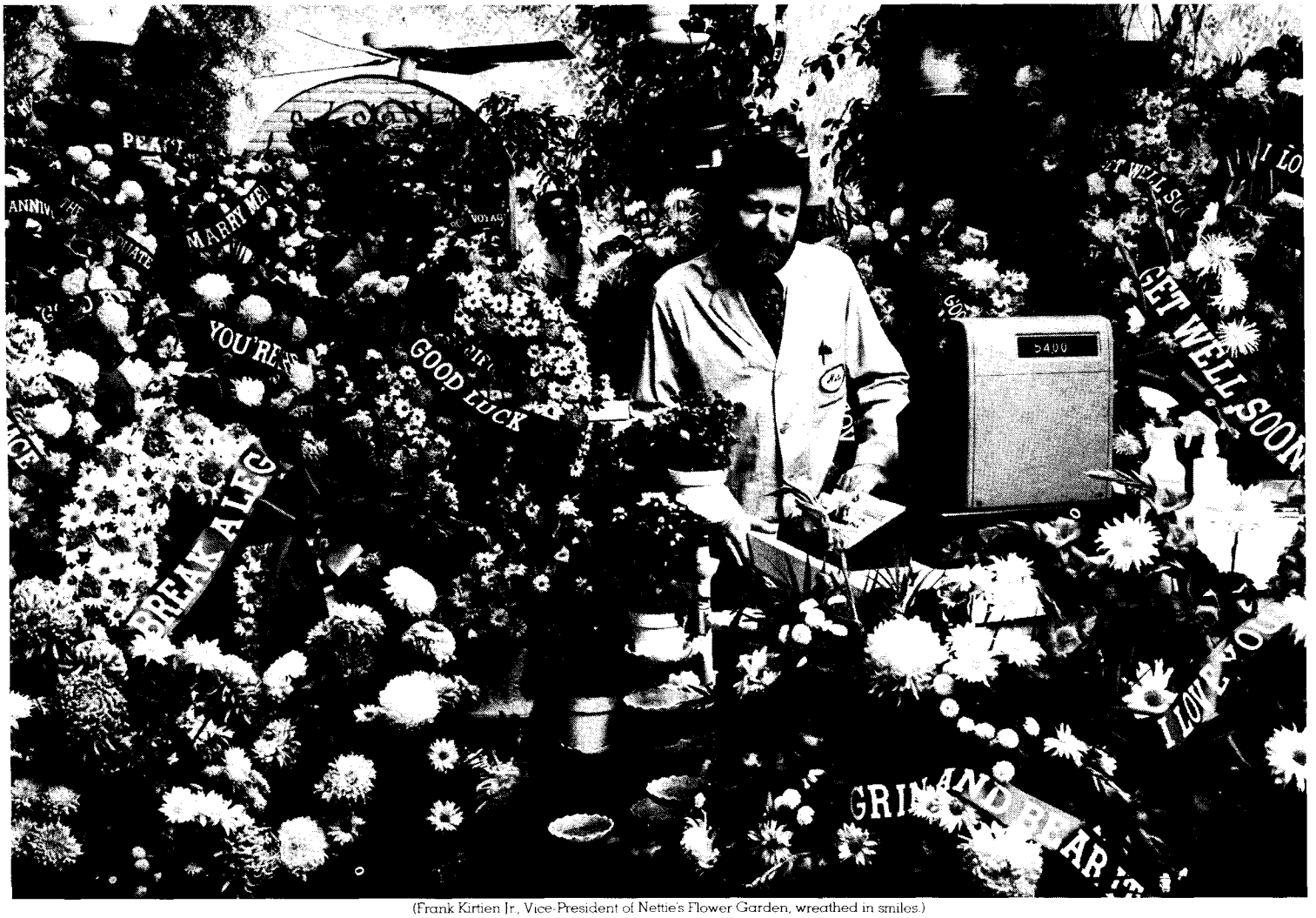
The cash register of Nettie's speaks to the computers of Needham.



(Frank Kirtien Jr., Vice-President of Nettie's Flower Garden, wreathed in smiles.)

"Contrary to popular belief, life in the flower business is no bed of roses.

"It's a jungle out there.

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A Penny of Prevention

The Cure for America's Health-Care System

by Robert Claiborne

Richard Schneider

THANKS TO PRESSURE from organized doctors and hospitals, Congress has adjourned without imposing even nominal controls on our ever-escalating national health-care bill. This, in turn, could well lessen the likelihood of any meaningful national health insurance system's being voted next session, since the more health costs increase—as they will continue to do—the more national health insurance might be expected to cost the taxpayer.

It doesn't have to work that way. A system of national health insurance containing rational, built-in incentives for cost efficiency can *cut* our annual payments to doctors and hospitals by a minimum of $25 billion—probably nearer $30 billion—within a relatively short time. Even greater savings can be achieved over the long run, provided that doctors, hospital administrators, medical educators, and the general public can achieve a deeper understanding of what health care really is and how we can get better care—and better health—for less money.

The key to that understanding lies in a remark a Blue Cross official made not long ago. "What we have in this country," he declared, "isn't a health-care system; it's a sickness-care system." This is a fundamental truth. What we think of as "health care"—the thing that is currently costing us some $170 billion a year—is overwhelmingly concerned with treating us when we get sick—hopefully, making us better; less hopefully, making sure we get no worse, and, when hope is gone, holding off the inevitable as long as possible.

The bias of American "health care" toward treatment rather than prevention begins (where else?) with the insurance plans, public and private, that pay most of its cost: more than 90 percent of hospital bills, some 70 percent of doctors' bills. Medicare, for example, pays 80 percent of *treatment* costs (within certain limits) for people over 65; yet it is explicitly forbidden to pay a nickel for *preventive* measures. Neither Blue Cross-Blue Shield nor most com-

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mercial insurance plans pay for vaccination against such diseases as measles, whooping cough, and polio—though they will usually pay at least part of the much greater cost of treating these diseases. If you get sick, your insurance carrier will usually pick up at least part of the tab; if you try to avoid getting sick, you're on your own.

Oddly enough, this bias persists in the face of a truth known to many doctors and all historians of medicine: The great achievements in the health field in the past century or so have been mainly preventive, not curative. The main reason we enjoy, on the average, longer and healthier lives than our ancestors is not that doctors possess more effective ways of treating our sicknesses—though in many cases they do—but rather that *we get sick less often*.

A few examples will make the point clearer. Between 1850, when the British government first began compiling reasonably accurate health statistics, and 1970, the English death rate from tuberculosis dropped by more than 99.5 percent. Most of that drop—about 86 percent—occurred *before* effective anti-TB treatment became available in the 1940s. Even giving maximum credit to such drugs as streptomycin, the score here stands at Preventive Medicine 86, Curative Medicine 14. The figures are similar for most of the other great plagues of the 19th century—cholera, dysentery, typhoid, malaria, scarlet fever, diphtheria: All have been largely eliminated in the industrialized countries, and curative medicine played only a minor part, if any, in their disappearance.

The most striking case of all is that of smallpox, the age-old plague that once killed, blinded, or disfigured hundreds of thousands a year. Today there is still no cure for smallpox; yet it has apparently (we won't be totally certain for another year) been completely abolished, literally wiped off the face of our planet, thanks to a systematic, world-wide preventive campaign led by the World Health Organization.

Just what were these preventive measures that have achieved so much? Thomas McKeown, Professor of Social Medicine at Birmingham University (England), has made a detailed study of changes in the British death rate, and their causes, between 1850 and 1971. His conclusions—which are shared by many other experts—undoubtedly apply to other industrialized countries and, in measure, to many underdeveloped ones as well.

McKeown finds that the drop in deaths during this period came about largely through prevention of infectious diseases. A major measure was the provision of pure drinking water and sanitary sewage-disposal systems in urban areas. Closely related were the somewhat later "pure food" laws, such as those requiring pasteurization of milk. Less important, though by no means insignificant, was the development of vaccines against such diseases as diphtheria and (later) polio.

The most important public health measure, however, was something that was not seen as "preventive medicine": the simple fact that people were living better. They had more money for food, and since they were beginning to limit the size of their families, there were fewer mouths to feed. Working hours became shorter and work itself, in some cases, less exhausting. As a result, their natural defenses against infection became stronger.

In light of these historic facts, "health care" obviously means something much bigger and more complex than our "sickness care" system, overblown though that is. The billions we spend each year on building and maintaining water and sewage systems are in fact monies spent for health care; without them, our bill for sickness care, not to mention our national death rate, would be far greater.

A true balance sheet of the dollar costs of poverty versus the dollar costs of ending it might well show that even in purely economic terms, humanity is the best policy.

Recent evidence on this point comes from a health center organized some years ago in the Mississippi backcountry. Its clientele was almost entirely black and dirt-poor—thanks largely to the elimination of jobs on cotton plantations through mechanization. Sewage disposal and water supplies were of 18th-century vintage, as was the incidence of such diseases as infectious diarrhea in infants.

The center's personnel, led by Dr. H. Jack Geiger (then of Tufts University School of Medicine, Boston), quickly discovered that preventive medicine was by far the best way of stretching the center's scarce dollars. Treating a single case of infantile diarrhea, says Geiger, could cost some $300; building a sanitary privy—which could prevent half a dozen such cases—cost $75. The center also used some of its funds (from federal and foundation grants) to help its clients set up an agricultural cooperative, raising food crops on unused land and thereby improving the people's nutrition. As one might expect, the level of health improved.

If adequate nutrition is an important part of health care, as all the evidence indicates, then several other public programs must be seen as part of our health-care system. Food stamps and free lunches for poor schoolchildren (assuming the lunches are both palatable and nutritious, which isn't always the case) reduce the incidence of disease, and thereby reduce our national sickness-care bill. And make no mistake about it—it's *our* bill, not somebody else's. Black Mississippians living on cornmeal and fatback and white old-age pensioners living on pet food are going to get more sick, more often, than more fortunate groups. And since such people can't afford to pay their own sickness-care bills, we do.

The search for health care rather than sickness care also raises the question of whether environmental contaminants are related to disease. For some, the answer is clear, indeed notorious: Coal dust can produce "black lung," cotton dust can produce "brown lung" (both crippling); asbestos dust can produce a variety of lung diseases, including cancer. Vinyl chloride—the raw material of vinyl plastics—can produce liver and bladder cancer; insecticides such as Kepone can produce nervous disorders or worse.

If to these unquestionably noxious environmental contaminants we add possibly noxious ones, the list stretches out almost to the crack of doom: pesticides, herbicides, food additives and colorings, microwaves broadcast by tens of thousands of sources, air pollutants, diets high in fat. There is an enormous amount we don't know about the effects of these individually, but we can be almost certain of several things about them as a group. First, most or all of them can cause disease in large enough quantities; second, most of them are probably harmless in small enough quantities; third, for few of them do we have any but the vaguest information on how much is "small enough." The effects of a particular quantity of a particular substance are fairly easy to assess if we look only at acute, relatively immediate results, but much more difficult to trace in conditions that may show up 20 or 30 years later—as is the case, for example, with most environmentally caused cancers.

There is one thing about environmental contaminants that we can be *dead* sure of: When a given substance is clearly implicated in disease, those who manufacture or sell products contain-

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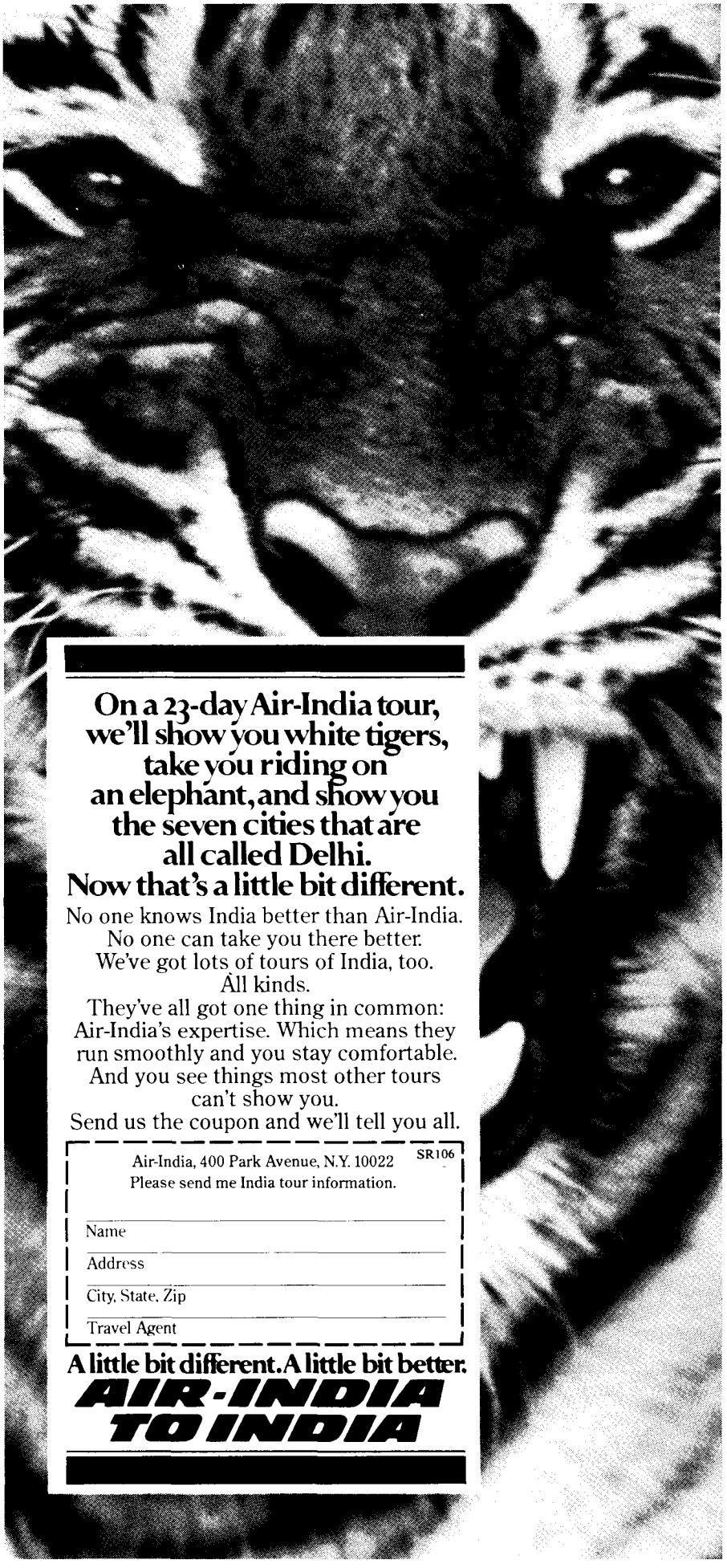
ing or emitting that substance will scream the house down. They will deny the scientific worth of the incriminating evidence, denounce anti-pollution legislation as "government interference" and its proponents as soft-headed liberals, "anti-growth" counterculturalists, and environmental freaks. This prediction may seem harsh, but it fits the facts: specifically, the record of the coal industry on black lung, the auto industry on pollution controls, the asbestos industry on asbestosis, and the textile industry, which is currently fighting legislation to control brown lung.

Health care in the environment and the workplace raises companies' costs, and *may* lower their profits—though on the record they generally have recouped their costs or better by raising prices. Sickness care engendered by contaminants raises everybody *else's* costs. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare estimates that we are currently footing the bill for 330,000 cases of occupational disease a year, 100,000 of which end in death; what the bill is for environmental disease outside the workplace is anybody's guess. As one indication, a recent study estimates that cleaning up air pollution caused by public utilities has saved us $6.6 billion over and above the cost of the clean-up.

Environmental contamination can be controlled by law, but the law can do little about personal environmental factors no less important to our health: what we eat and drink, and how much; the cigarette smoke we do or don't inhale; how fast we drive; and so on. Yet many of the basic facts about this form of health care are clear enough: If we eat a varied and moderate diet, consume little alcohol, smoke few or no cigarettes (preferably of ultra-low-tar brands), exercise regularly and as vigorously as our ages permit, drive at reasonable speeds and fasten our seat belts, our chances of living to a ripe and healthy old age improve markedly.

The connection between lifestyle and health is clear, though many details remain to be filled in; unfortunately, this very clarity has made it a favorite stalking-horse among people opposed to any restructuring of our present grossly inefficient sickness-care system. The fault, they say, is not in the system but in ourselves: If we lived more sensibly, our doctor and hospital bills would be lower. This is undoubtedly true, but it conceals two prime falsehoods. The first is that the costs of sickness care can be lowered *only* by changing our lifestyles—a subject I have dealt with in earlier articles. The second is the hidden implication that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how we live is entirely the result of rational, voluntary choices. It isn't.

Jack Geiger likes to tell the story of a health conference at a prestigious New York City hospital, at which several speakers lauded the lifestyle approach to containing health costs. During the subsequent discussion, he invited the assembled experts to walk the few blocks from the hospital to Harlem and explain to the people of that impoverished ghetto that they ought to change their lifestyle. "I didn't," he recalls, "get any takers."

A variant of the lifestyle argument was recently put forward by columnist George F. Will. Like most conservatives, Will takes a dim view of national health insurance—in his case, because it "discounts personal responsibility for health." A lot of illness, he says, is "willful, in the sense that it results from foolish living habits of people who have a duty to know better," yet the "prudent and dutiful" pay the bill. His solution is to restructure health insurance so as to "institutionalize inducements to prudence. Payments for treatment of particular diseases could be reduced when patients continue behavior linked to the diseases."

Will's argument may seem impressive at first glance, but it collapses when applied to a real-life situation. To that end, let us consider two people—fictitious, but with millions of real-life counterparts—who are clearly engaged in "behavior linked to diseases," and see how they fit into Will's solution.

Joe is 48 and an alcoholic. He has already lost one job because of his drinking and was recently warned that he will lose his present one unless he straightens out. He is an embarrassment to his kids and a burden to his wife, who has threatened to leave him. His doctor has told him flatly that his liver could give out at any time.

Sadie is 28; at five feet three, she weighs 225 pounds. She has never married, had a love affair, or even dated. She has a low-level clerical job, and because of her grotesque appearance is unlikely to get a better one. Shopping and housekeeping are a physical burden. *Her* doctor has warned her that her blood pressure is up and that unless she slims down she is inviting heart trouble.

At this point, in accordance with Will's proposal, Joe and Sadie are told by their insurance carrier that their benefits will be cut should they fall ill with cirrhosis and heart disease respectively. Is this "inducement to prudence" likely to change their self-destructive behavior? Obviously not: If inducements were what it took, they already have them to spare. What Joe and Sadie lack is the capacity to respond rationally to those inducements.

Since the inducements don't work, both Joe and Sadie eventually fall sick (as expected) and their medical insurance runs out (also as expected). Is this going to save us "prudent and dutiful" citizens any money? Again, obviously not. Unless medicine simply refuses them further treatment, they will continue to get sickness care under some tax-supported program—paid for, naturally, by the prudent and dutiful.

Let us not forget, moreover, that personal decisions about lifestyles are not made in a vacuum: They are often influenced by institutional decisions. And these, unlike personal decisions, almost always are rational—at least from the standpoint of institutional self-interest. Cigarette smoking, as almost everybody knows, is "dangerous to your health"—yet the cigarette industry is still subsidized by the government in several ways. For example, cigarette manufacturers spend tens of millions a year to induce people to smoke—every penny of it deductible from taxable corporate income, and therefore partly tax-subsidized.

By choosing to spend the available money in one way rather than another, we are choosing who shall be sick and who shall not, who shall live and who shall die.

Recently, a Federal Trade Commission official merely hinted that perhaps cigarette ads be, not banned, but cleaned up a bit. His remarks evoked a quick counterblast by a conservative commentator: "An exercise in institutional aggrandizement ... another example of the lengths to which government agencies go to concoct excuses for expanding their powers ... a symptom of an attitude that contributes to the decay of relationships between society and its government." The commentator was George F. Will.

A more direct way of generating healthier lifestyles is through the time-tested method of improving people's living conditions. Persuasive evidence on this point comes from comparing death rates among nonwhites, who are mostly poor, and whites, who are mostly not. For example, the death rate as of 1970 among nonwhite males between 35 and 44—generally considered the prime of life—was more than 2½ times that of whites in the same age bracket. The nonwhites' risk of death from cancer was 60 percent greater, from heart disease, 80 percent greater. Cirrhosis took three times as many blacks as whites; influenza and pneumonia, five times as many; homicide 12 times as many. Can there be any serious doubt that improving living conditions in black and Hispanic ghettos—*not* by handouts but by providing jobs at reasonable pay—would help end this depressing health contrast?

There are those who say we can't afford to end poverty. My own suspicion is that we can't afford not to. Poverty is costing us billions every year in sickness care, billions more in crime—and tens of billions in the "handouts" we give the poor in lieu of the jobs most of them want. A true balance sheet of the dollar costs of poverty versus the dollar costs of ending it might well show that even in purely economic terms, humanity is the best policy.

The problem of health care versus sickness care goes beyond biases in our payment systems, contamination in our environment, and unhealthy lifestyles, voluntary or otherwise: It also raises basic questions about the direction of current biomedical research.

It is startling but true that the great health-care measures of the past century or so—enumerated earlier in this article—were to only a minor degree products of the laboratory. Better living conditions, the most important of them, "just happened." The other measures were mainly generated by studies in epidemiology—the study of who gets sick where—plus common sense. In 1853, Dr. John Snow studied a cholera outbreak in a London slum and noticed that every affected family got its drinking water from one street pump; his prescription for ending the outbreak was "Remove the pump handle!" Only years later did the laboratory studies of Pasteur, Koch, and others explain why the prescription worked: The well beneath the pump must have been contaminated by sewage containing cholera microbes. Yet Snow knew nothing of such things—*and did not need to know.*

Even vaccination, though it was certainly given enormous impetus by the developing science of bacteriology, began with epidemiology: The 18th-century observations of Edward Jenner that people who had had cowpox didn't get smallpox. His prescription was no less common sense than Snow's: Deliberately give people cowpox (a mild disease), and they won't get the deadly smallpox. He was, of course, right—though it took 150 years of laboratory work to explain why.

Given the current emphasis on the

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laboratory approach to disease, it is worth stressing that epidemiological studies, in and of themselves—without help from the laboratory—can provide immediate, practical answers to preventing disease. For example, biochemistry still can't tell us how cigarette smoke causes lung cancer—yet epidemiology has already proved that cancer and smoking are connected, and that not smoking markedly reduces the risk. No less firmly established is the epidemiological connection between poverty and disease—for example, the violence and alcoholism that cut short the lives of so many black and Hispanic Americans. These conditions were epidemic in the 19th-century Irish slums of New York's "Hell's Kitchen," the 18th-century London slums of Hogarth's famous engraving, "Gin Lane," and—if the poetry of François Villon is any guide—in the 15th-century slums of Paris. Poverty begets alcoholism, homicide, and other causes of premature death as certainly as the water from Snow's pump begot cholera.

It would be easy to conclude from these facts that modern laboratory research is of little relevance to health—and quite wrong. Studies in bacteriology and in the fundamental chemical processes by which living organisms function have contributed significantly both to treating and to preventing disease. But the very successes of laboratory studies have focused the attention of researchers on certain kinds of questions—and largely crowded out other, no less important questions. Biomedical research has produced an enormous mass of facts on the nature of sickness—that is, what happens in people's bodies when things go wrong—and much invaluable information on how the sickness can be cured or contained. But only within the past 10 years or so have some researchers begun asking the even more fundamental question: Why?

Nobody knows, for example, why people get influenza. The flu virus is obviously part of the answer, but only part: During a flu epidemic virtually everyone is exposed to the virus, yet only a minority actually gets sick. If the virus makes A sick, why not B and C as well? Even a generation ago, medical science would have replied that B and C had "stronger constitutions" or "greater natural resistance" than A—which were, of course, merely fancy ways of saying what we knew already: A got sick and the other two didn't.

The tendency of researchers to be content with partial answers, or none, to the question "Why?" began with the pioneer bacteriologists. Their answers, though partial, were for their time brilliant: People get sick, not because of "filth," "bad air" (*mal'aria* in Italian) or some malign "influence" (*influenza* in Italian), but from infection with noxious microbes. The conclusions were clear: Keep microbes away from people, by providing pure water and food, or by killing or screening out the animals that spread the microbes (as with malaria). If that doesn't work, develop a vaccine that will stimulate the body's own defenses against the microbe. And if *that* doesn't work, then—eventually—give the patient a drug that will kill the microbe.

Simply from the practical standpoint, these were good answers—good enough, in fact, to have (with a major assist from improved living standards) largely eliminated infectious disease as a serious public health problem in prosperous countries. Unfortunately, however, the methods that produced these answers proved ill-suited for tackling *today's* major public health problems: cancer, cardiovascular disease (stroke, atherosclerosis, "heart trouble"), diabetes, rheumatoid arthritis, mental disease. For these conditions, which kill or incapacitate millions of people every year, the brilliant but simple-minded approach of bacteriology simply doesn't work. None of these diseases has any single identifiable predominant cause that, like a microbe, can be kept away from potential victims or, if that fails, isolated in a test tube and used to develop a vaccine or assay an antibiotic.

Insofar as we understand the causes of these "dread diseases"—which, given the billions we have poured into biomedical research, isn't very far—they seem to be largely "multifactorial," that is, produced by the joint action of many factors, some hereditary, some environmental. A person possessing a particular inherited constitution—which nobody can define in any very useful way—develops a given disease if, and only if, he or she is exposed to a number of environmental influences, often over a protracted period. Few of these environmental factors can be identified very precisely, but they undoubtedly include microbes, toxic substances, dietary constituents, and different kinds of psychic stress.

The multifactorial model of disease provides some very clear pointers to the kinds of questions that more researchers should be asking. To begin with, we badly need to know exactly what "inherited constitution" means in relation to specific diseases. Just what inherited biochemical peculiarities make a person susceptible to diabetes, to schizophrenia, to atherosclerosis? Answers to these questions would not enable us to change human heredity; indeed, even if we could change it, the dangers would be far too great. Rather, if we can identify the presence of specific chemical "risk factors" in particular individuals, we can perhaps take steps to correct them through drugs or, alternatively, to shield such individuals from the environmental factors that turn risk into disease. This can already be done with a few rare inherited defects such as phenylketonuria, whose effects (notably, severe retardation) can be reduced or eliminated by removing certain substances from the affected infant's diet.

Where several genetic factors are involved—as seems to be the case with such conditions as diabetes, atherosclerosis and schizophrenia—the risk factors will obviously be harder to identify, but there seems no reason why they can't be found, if enough scientists look for them.

When it comes to the environmental factors implicated in multifactorial disease, some of the answers are already known—but a lot more remain to be

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discovered. We still have no idea, for example, why of two identical twins, possessing the same inherited constitution, one becomes schizophrenic and the other does not—as occurs in more than half such cases. Here epidemiological studies can provide an invaluable tool: discovering who gets sick, and how their environment differs from that of those who don't get sick. Because of the complexities of the environment, the answers certainly won't be simple, but, again, most of the needed information can probably be found if we take the trouble to look.

The achievements of laboratory science during the past century need no defense from me. But if we are seriously interested in substituting health care for sickness care, we must abolish the assumption—still all too common among both scientists and those who give out research grants—that it is the only kind of science worth doing. At its best, laboratory study can provide answers that are precise, elegant, and practically useful as well. But the far less precise answers of epidemiology, though unsatisfying to some scientific minds, can be no less useful.

One final, basic point needs to be made about both health care and sickness care: However we wish to deliver them, and in whatever proportions, we must make choices. No system for meeting people's health needs, indeed no economic system, can do everything for everybody; there isn't that much money in the world. And by choosing to spend the available money in one way rather than another, we are choosing—whether we care to recognize it or not—who shall be sick and who shall not: on the bottom line, who shall live and who shall die.

As just one example, consider the much-discussed "coronary bypass," a surgical operation that can prolong the lives of some victims of coronary artery disease (how many is in dispute). About 75,000 of these procedures are being done every year in this country, each at a cost of $10,000 and up—meaning that their beneficiaries are overwhelmingly people in the middle-to-upper brackets. If we were to take the insurance premiums for sickness care now going into coronary surgery and spend it instead on (say) improving the nutrition of infants and children in urban slums and depressed rural areas, we could probably save at least as many lives as are now being saved by the surgery. Our present ways of distributing and paying for sickness care and health care ensure that it is the coronary patients who will live and the children of poverty who will die.

In part, of course, this situation merely reflects the pervasive bias in our society (and most others) whereby "them as has, gits." In part, however, it also reflects the more specific bias toward sickness care rather than health care. Sickness care, after all, benefits, or is supposed to benefit, specific, individual sick people, with whom we all can identify; the beneficiaries of health care, at least the kinds we can now deliver, are anonymous statistics. We cannot single out the individual kids who will die because of poor nutrition—but they will be just as dead as the coronary victims killed by their disease.

We can carry the argument a step farther. Some heart surgeons estimate that no less than four million Americans could benefit from coronary bypass. Many doctors don't agree—but if the surgeons are right, this could mean an expenditure of at least $50 billion *more* for this one type of sickness care. Unless we are willing to tax ourselves far more heavily than seems likely, that would mean $50 billion less for health care. Where do we draw the line—and by what standards? The same principle, of course, applies across the board. Two billions spent to build a nuclear supercarrier are two billions we can't spend on something else—sickness care, health care, or whatever.

The question of health care versus sickness care ultimately boils down to the basic issue that confronts every society, past, present, or future: How do we allocate our resources? *What do we want?* Do we want sickness care for everyone who needs it, or only for certain people? Do we want expanded health care, which can certainly save lives and probably save money, over the long run if not the short? Do we want headlong economic growth, more superhighways, a "defense" establishment big enough to devastate the entire globe several times over? Do we want to abolish poverty and clean up the environment? Given our national wealth and native ingenuity, we can have any of these things we choose—but we cannot, now or ever, have all of them.

We have the power to make these decisions, if we choose to grasp it. And if we fail to grasp it, we are *still* making a decision—to maintain the status quo. Whether we accept the responsibility of decision or dodge it, we will still make the choice of who shall live and who shall die, who shall suffer sickness and who enjoy health. The verdict is ours to give: What will it be? ◉

Robert Claiborne has been writing on many aspects of science and society for more than 20 years.

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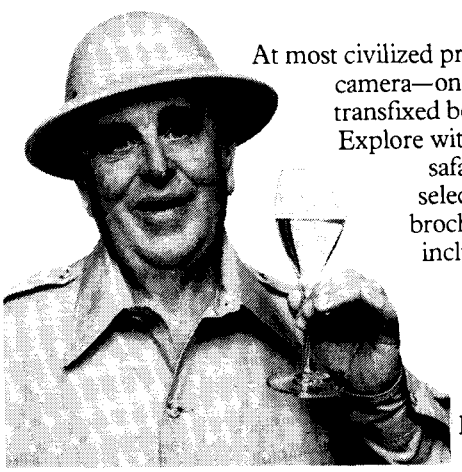

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OCEANS

Life on earth began in the sea and it is the sea to which man is returning in time of need to find new sources of food, energy, metals, and oil. The sea covers nearly three-fourths of the world's surface, and despite its awesome power—its tidal waves can travel at 450 miles an hour—and its fearsome depths—seven miles to the bottom in some places—it is the ocean's shores to which man turns to restore psyche and body. In times of awareness of health it is the sea's provender which man chooses for the purest nourishment. Here, Saturday Review *explores the oceans, all-giving, all-healing storehouse, wonderland, treasure house, balm to the eye and the soul.*

Teaching Poseidon to Turn a Profit

by Susan Schiefelbein

POSEIDON HAS been deposed. There once was a time when the ocean's wealth was his alone. From a golden palace in uncharted depths, he rationed the sea's food supply by whim, hoarded its vast store of precious minerals, and commanded its crushing force—a force so awesome that he earned the name land-shaker, god of the earthquakes.

But today, mortals have penetrated the walls of his undersea fortress. There they have come upon mineral deposits that magically replenish themselves, a renewable food supply, and a power source that can provide free, fuelless energy until the end of time—perhaps enough of it for everyone, everywhere.

Who are these ingenious perpetrators? Idealistic oceanographers and pipe-dreaming environmentalists? Not entirely. Governments are fully engaged in the treasure hunt; and Lockheed, Union Carbide, Coca-Cola, Weyerhaeuser, Shell Oil, and U.S. Steel are among the corporations that are making sizable investments in aquaculture, seabed mining, and ocean energy.

Indisputably the most desirable of the ocean's possessions are its mineral deposits, truly sunken treasures. There is enough copper on the sea bottom to last the world 60 centuries; and enough nickel to last for 150,000 years.

One of the greatest mineral discoveries in the sea lies hidden beneath steamy, salty pools—the "hot brines" in the Red Sea. Called the Atlantis II Deep, it is valued at some $2.3 billion, and contains gold, zinc, copper, silver, manganese, and iron (24 million tons of the latter in just the top 35 feet). In some places, the minerals are 300 feet thick. Oceanographers say this gel-like substance should be relatively easy to pump to the surface; and when it is retrieved, the deposit—which lies off the coast of Jidda—will be subject to Saudi and Sudanese claims.

The deposits that are the center of an important controversy are, ironically, subject to no claims and to all claims—the manganese nodules of the high seas. The nations involved in the Law of the Sea Conference have agreed that mineral deposits within each country's 200-mile limit are its own to exploit; but a plan for sharing the invaluable nodules in the deep seabeds—a territory that belongs to no single nation—has eluded them.

The ocean stores these treasures so casually that it is all the more a temptation to take them. Not even hidden by sands or buried beneath the seabed, nodules are strewn across the ocean floor like strands of pearls atop a dressing table.

The nodules, discovered during a research expedition in 1873, were of only academic interest for nearly a century. In the past decade, however, an international craving for them has developed because, unlike most ores, the nodules are almost pure metal. Some 40 different minerals can be found in them, the most plentiful being manganese, nickel, cobalt, and copper.

The nodules lie in awesome numbers in all three of the major oceans and even in Lake Michigan's Green Bay. It has been estimated that some 1.5 trillion tons of them lie in a stretch in the Pacific Ocean west of Mexico.

This tonnage is, moreover, increasing day by day. Each single nodule grows slowly, but the cumulated growth—because there are so many of them—may come to as much as 16 tons a year. No one knows exactly how they grow; one hypothesis is that the metals, which contain an electrical charge, tend to attract each other and stick together in-

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How to farm for food, mine minerals, and harness energy in the vast storehouse beneath the waves.

stead of settling as individual particles on the sea floor; a variation on that theme is a conjecture that they ionize around something like a grain of sand or a shark's tooth. Whatever, nodules do have concentric rings, rather like a redwood tree, and seem to be formed around a "seed." If this mystery is ever solved, man could perhaps "plant" nodules and farm them.

The United States has found these patty-shaped rocks especially interesting; for we import all of our manganese, 98 percent of our cobalt; 90 percent of our nickel; and 18 percent of our copper, for a grand total of $2 billion. Thus it is not surprising that, despite the astronomical cost of undersea exploration and extraction, the United States leads the way in technology for their exploitation.

There are four American deep-sea consortia involved in the quest for nodules, encompassing 17 companies and headed by Kennecott, Lockheed, U.S. Steel, and Inco. Altogether, they have spent more than $100 million in exploration, despite the fact that the ultimate rights to anything they may find have not yet been determined.

But the gamble to them seems worth it, for the stakes are high. U.S. Steel, for example, fears that in about two decades Gabon and South Africa will be the only dry-land sources of manganese in the West. Such a dependency would be precarious; for without manganese, we would be without steel.

It is easy to see why the United States—along with Germany, France, Japan, Britain, the Soviet Union, Austria, Canada, Holland, and Australia—are engaged in a quest for these 20th-century doubloons; the Law of the Sea Conference will determine whether all nations share this wealth or a few mighty ones take everything.

Another of Poseidon's treasures—energy—is not stored only in no-man's-land on the high seas; for the entire sea literally glitters with power—radiant solar energy.

What most engages the minds of scientists is the possibility that the hydrogen in the world's ocean waters can be split off from oxygen, thus creating a limitless supply of energy. The technique, which goes by the name of direct thermal water decomposition, involves separating hydrogen from oxygen through the use of high temperatures. It is here that solar energy can be most effectively employed. For the process requires about 300 kilowatts of energy, and it is believed that the sun can be tapped for this purpose.

One of the most modest of energy exploitation efforts can also unleash a staggering display of ocean might. Ocean Thermal Energy Conversion (OTEC)—an operation that uses existing technology and available materials—will be demonstrated in the next few months off the coast of Hawaii.

The way OTEC works is beautifully simple: It makes use of nature's phenomena. The top layer of the sea, warmed by the sun, runs in currents toward the poles. Meanwhile, cold water—melted ice from the polar regions—slides along the ocean's bottom toward the equator.

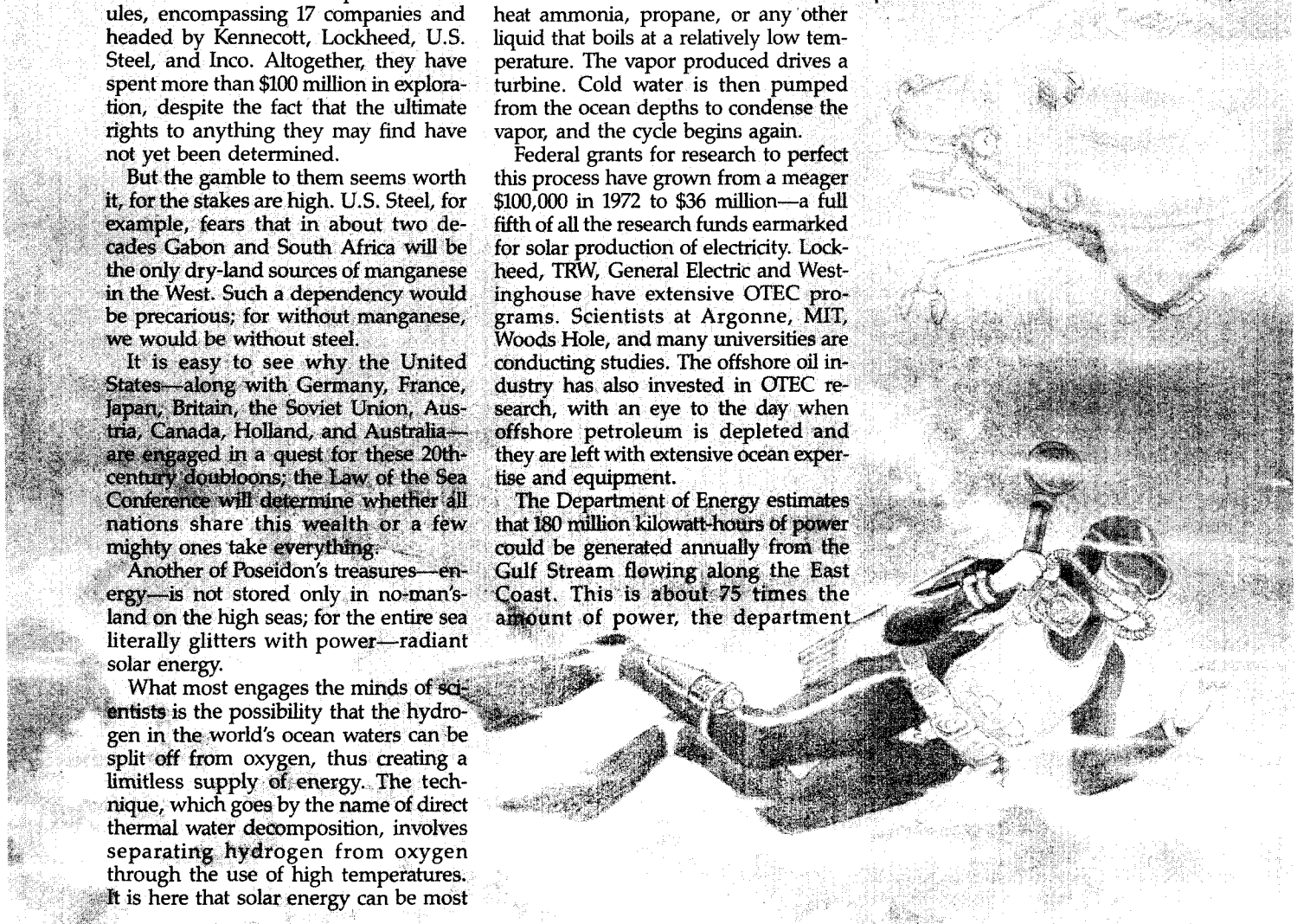
An OTEC plant simply sucks in the warm water on the surface and uses it to heat ammonia, propane, or any other liquid that boils at a relatively low temperature. The vapor produced drives a turbine. Cold water is then pumped from the ocean depths to condense the vapor, and the cycle begins again.

Federal grants for research to perfect this process have grown from a meager $100,000 in 1972 to $36 million—a full fifth of all the research funds earmarked for solar production of electricity. Lockheed, TRW, General Electric and Westinghouse have extensive OTEC programs. Scientists at Argonne, MIT, Woods Hole, and many universities are conducting studies. The offshore oil industry has also invested in OTEC research, with an eye to the day when offshore petroleum is depleted and they are left with extensive ocean expertise and equipment.

The Department of Energy estimates that 180 million kilowatt-hours of power could be generated annually from the Gulf Stream flowing along the East Coast. This is about 75 times the amount of power, the department claims, that the country will be using next year.

And solar energy is not the only kind of power that ocean waters wield; indeed, ways of tapping this liquid energy source seem as infinite as the sea itself. Those who have seen the tides crash off Normandy, at a speed of over 50 miles an hour, know the force of tidal power. It has been said that medieval horsemen raced the tides to shore at Mont Saint-Michel; and the sea was more often than not declared the winner, its wall of water having crushed both rider and mount. Tidal power is in fact being exploited today: An installation on the estuary of the river Rance near Saint-Malo, France, produces more than 600 million kilowatt-hours of electricity a year.

Another energy source in the sea duplicates one we have on land—biomass,



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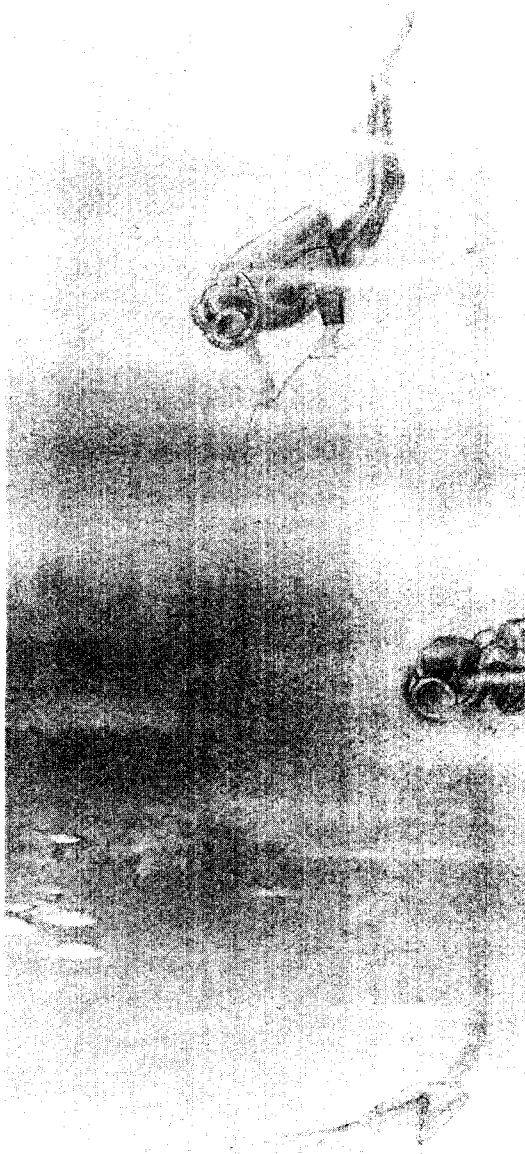
Steven Alexander



energy from plant matter. Dr. Howard Wilcox of the Naval Undersea Center in San Diego is but one of the growing number of researchers engaged in farming energy from the sea. Wilcox and his colleagues cultivate a fast-growing kelp called *Macrocystis pyrifera*. This amazing plant shows no signs of aging, and replaces its fronds, thus reproducing its weight every six months. The kelp can be processed into methane and so is valuable as a source of natural gas. It is also useful in other forms: as a livestock feed, and for fertilizer and ethanol.

Wilcox planted a productive seven-acre experimental farm of kelp under California waters near San Clemente and was successful in producing methane from his crop. Eventually he wants a 100,000-acre farm, and from it hopes to feed some 3,000 people and provide natural gas to supply energy for 300.

Using aquaculture to supplement our food supply is a practice that many think is long overdue; Orientals have, in fact, produced much of their food this way for centuries.

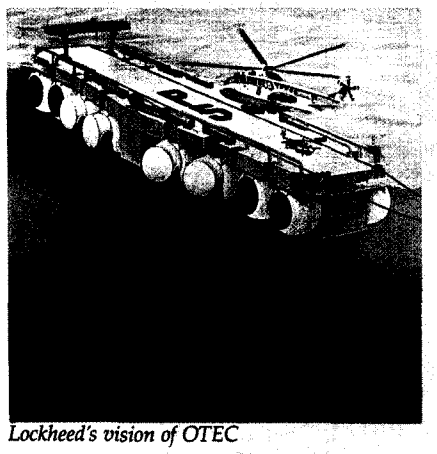
Farming fish, in fact, seems even more promising than farming cattle, for, properly managed, an acre of water can produce 10 times as much as an acre of pastureland. According to John Ryther, oceanographer at Woods Hole Marine Institute, we can catch only about 60 million tons of food from the sea, but we can grow some 100 million tons with simple technology and a worldwide program of aquaculture.

U.S. industry has only recently ventured into the ancient art of mariculture, but its investments are growing rapidly. In the last five years, aquabusiness has doubled worldwide. In the United States, such companies as Coca-Cola, Union Carbide, Weyerhaeuser, Ralston Purina, General Mills, and Atlantic Richfield have made aquabusiness an $800-million retail industry.

One of the industry's most closely watched aquaculture projects is Coca-Cola's shrimp farm in Mexico, which is operated in cooperation with the University of Arizona's own shrimp-growing laboratories nearby. Coca-Cola's farm brought in its first commercial harvest a few months ago. Wayne Collins, associate director of the university's labs, says that they have been taking some 11 pounds of shrimp per square yard; he hopes to harvest 2,000 to 3,000 pounds per acre of water surface each year.

But aquaculture need not end with high-technology crops like shrimp. "The field of marine algae should be receiving 10 times the research now applied," Collins says. In his dreams may lie the seeds of future realities. "Perhaps there's a way to take the nutrient-rich waste water from the shrimp project, grow algae in it, and then run the algae-laden water into oyster and clam beds, getting a second cash crop. Or, if we could develop algae as a new source of livestock feed, it could supplant wheat and soy." Feeding the millions may not be within our grasp today; but it could be—someday.

A vast farmland; clean, renewable energy; precious gems and valuable minerals—the sea is unarguably both an eternal and a benevolent source for meeting human need. We have much to learn before we can use it to the best of our advantage. If we continue to use the ocean as a global garbage dump, or a reservoir for radioactive waste products, we will strip it of its fertility and contaminate its food supplies. If nations continue to impede the progress of the Law of the Sea Conference, the treasures of the deep may be plundered by greedy corporations and countries that are more adept at bullying than they are at negotiating; and even they may end up with little, for chaos is rarely a setting for windfall or good fortune. But if we continue to exercise our ingenuity to a greater degree than our perversity, we may find no end to the abundance of Poseidon's palace. ◉



Lockheed's vision of OTEC

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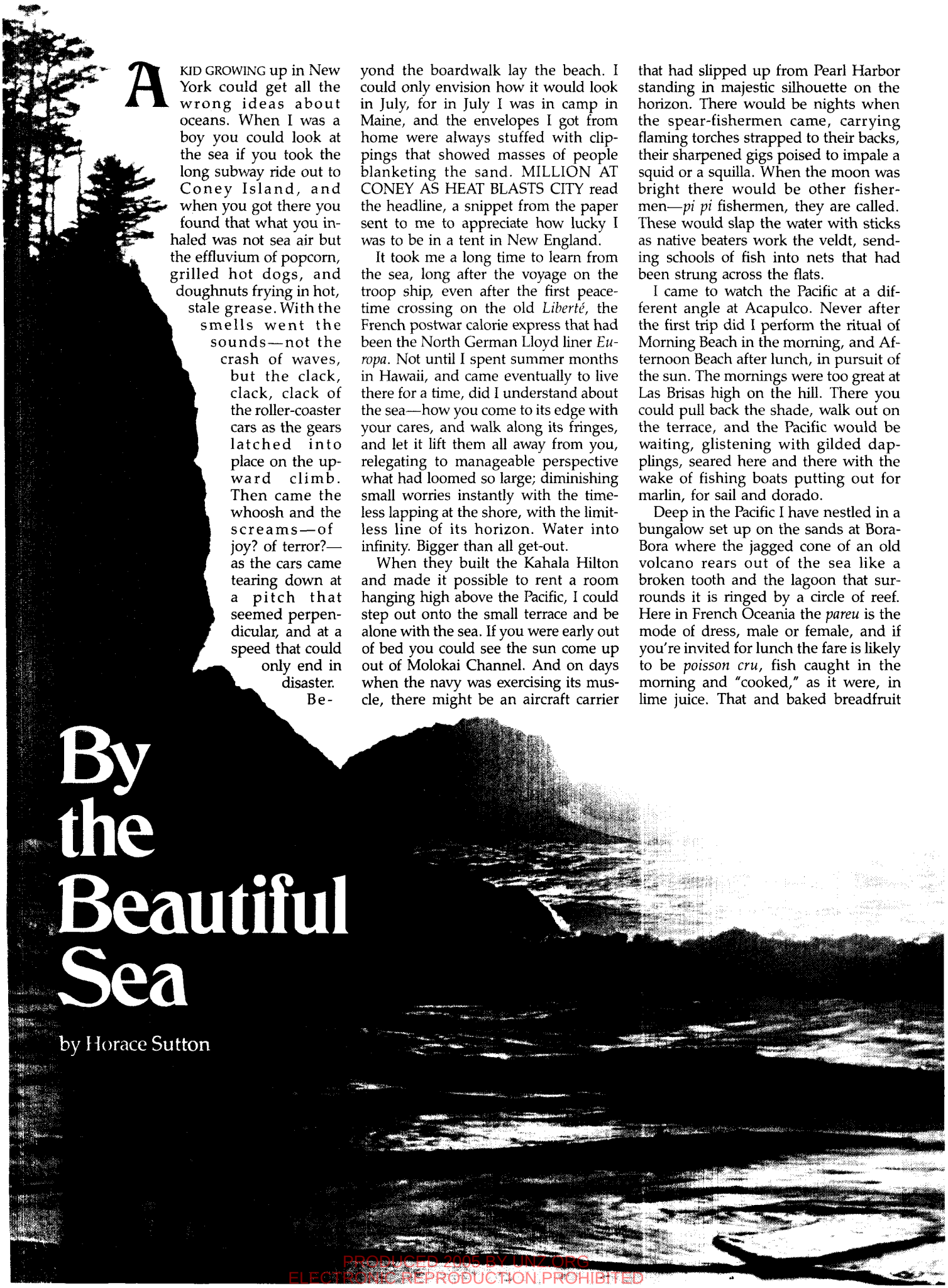

By the Beautiful Sea

by Horace Sutton

A KID GROWING up in New York could get all the wrong ideas about oceans. When I was a boy you could look at the sea if you took the long subway ride out to Coney Island, and when you got there you found that what you inhaled was not sea air but the effluvium of popcorn, grilled hot dogs, and doughnuts frying in hot, stale grease. With the smells went the sounds—not the crash of waves, but the clack, clack, clack of the roller-coaster cars as the gears latched into place on the upward climb. Then came the whoosh and the screams—of joy? of terror?—as the cars came tearing down at a pitch that seemed perpendicular, and at a speed that could only end in disaster.

Beyond the boardwalk lay the beach. I could only envision how it would look in July, for in July I was in camp in Maine, and the envelopes I got from home were always stuffed with clippings that showed masses of people blanketing the sand. MILLION AT CONEY AS HEAT BLASTS CITY read the headline, a snippet from the paper sent to me to appreciate how lucky I was to be in a tent in New England.

It took me a long time to learn from the sea, long after the voyage on the troop ship, even after the first peacetime crossing on the old *Liberté*, the French postwar calorie express that had been the North German Lloyd liner *Europa*. Not until I spent summer months in Hawaii, and came eventually to live there for a time, did I understand about the sea—how you come to its edge with your cares, and walk along its fringes, and let it lift them all away from you, relegating to manageable perspective what had loomed so large; diminishing small worries instantly with the timeless lapping at the shore, with the limitless line of its horizon. Water into infinity. Bigger than all get-out.

When they built the Kahala Hilton and made it possible to rent a room hanging high above the Pacific, I could step out onto the small terrace and be alone with the sea. If you were early out of bed you could see the sun come up out of Molokai Channel. And on days when the navy was exercising its muscle, there might be an aircraft carrier that had slipped up from Pearl Harbor standing in majestic silhouette on the horizon. There would be nights when the spear-fishermen came, carrying flaming torches strapped to their backs, their sharpened gigs poised to impale a squid or a squilla. When the moon was bright there would be other fishermen—*pi pi* fishermen, they are called. These would slap the water with sticks as native beaters work the veldt, sending schools of fish into nets that had been strung across the flats.

I came to watch the Pacific at a different angle at Acapulco. Never after the first trip did I perform the ritual of Morning Beach in the morning, and Afternoon Beach after lunch, in pursuit of the sun. The mornings were too great at Las Brisas high on the hill. There you could pull back the shade, walk out on the terrace, and the Pacific would be waiting, glistening with gilded dapplings, seared here and there with the wake of fishing boats putting out for marlin, for sail and dorado.

Deep in the Pacific I have nestled in a bungalow set up on the sands at Bora-Bora where the jagged cone of an old volcano rears out of the sea like a broken tooth and the lagoon that surrounds it is ringed by a circle of reef. Here in French Oceania the *pareu* is the mode of dress, male or female, and if you're invited for lunch the fare is likely to be *poisson cru*, fish caught in the morning and "cooked," as it were, in lime juice. That and baked breadfruit

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could serve as an ideal starter before the drums would begin the beat and the ukes and guitars would appear and the dancing would begin.

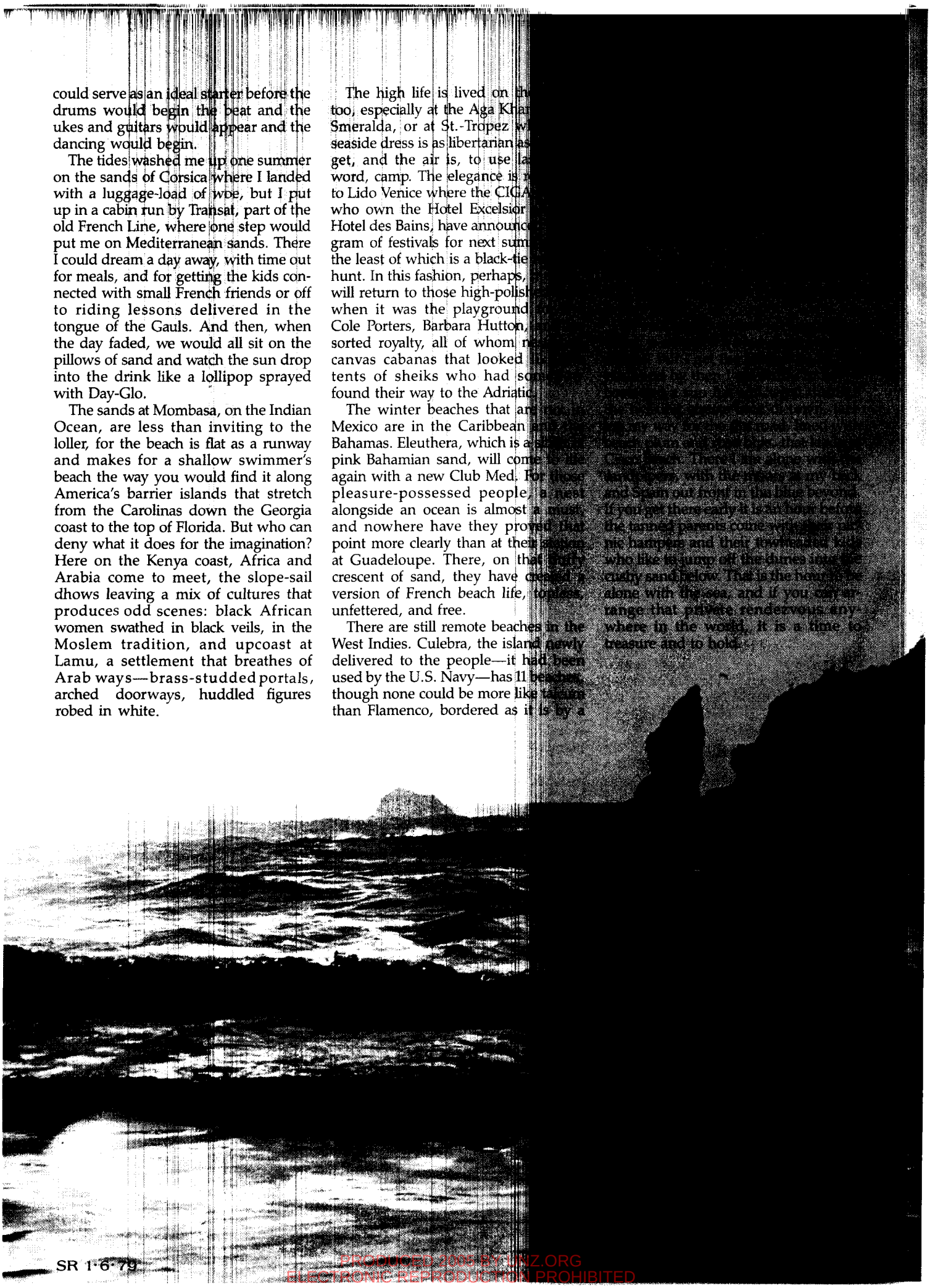
The tides washed me up one summer on the sands of Corsica where I landed with a luggage-load of woe, but I put up in a cabin run by Transat, part of the old French Line, where one step would put me on Mediterranean sands. There I could dream a day away, with time out for meals, and for getting the kids connected with small French friends or off to riding lessons delivered in the tongue of the Gauls. And then, when the day faded, we would all sit on the pillows of sand and watch the sun drop into the drink like a lollipop sprayed with Day-Glo.

The sands at Mombasa, on the Indian Ocean, are less than inviting to the loller, for the beach is flat as a runway and makes for a shallow swimmer's beach the way you would find it along America's barrier islands that stretch from the Carolinas down the Georgia coast to the top of Florida. But who can deny what it does for the imagination? Here on the Kenya coast, Africa and Arabia come to meet, the slope-sail dhows leaving a mix of cultures that produces odd scenes: black African women swathed in black veils, in the Moslem tradition, and upcoast at Lamu, a settlement that breathes of Arab ways—brass-studded portals, arched doorways, huddled figures robed in white.

The high life is lived on th
too, especially at the Aga Khar
Smeralda, or at St.-Tropez w
seaside dress is as libertarian as
get, and the air is, to use la
word, camp. The elegance is r
to Lido Venice where the CIGA
who own the Hotel Excelsior
Hotel des Bains, have announc
gram of festivals for next sum
the least of which is a black-tie
hunt. In this fashion, perhaps,
will return to those high-polish
when it was the playground
Cole Porters, Barbara Hutton,
sorted royalty, all of whom r
canvas cabanas that looked
tents of sheiks who had so
found their way to the Adriatic

The winter beaches that ar
Mexico are in the Caribbean
Bahamas. Eleuthera, which is a
pink Bahamian sand, will come
again with a new Club Med. For those
pleasure-possessed people, a nest
alongside an ocean is almost a must,
and nowhere have they proved that
point more clearly than at their village
at Guadeloupe. There, on that (fluffy)
crescent of sand, they have created a
version of French beach life, topless,
unfettered, and free.

There are still remote beaches in the West Indies. Culebra, the island newly delivered to the people—it had been used by the U.S. Navy—has 11 beaches, though none could be more like tahiti than Flamenco, bordered as it is by a



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By the Beautiful Sea

We asked globe-trotters where they'd like most to [illegible], and here's what they had to say.

VARADERO BEACH on the north shore of Cuba. It was here I saw my first shark, a big, gray rascal longer than I was, but who, fortunately, displayed no interest in eating me. I swam one way and it the other. For the rest of my sojourn I stayed out of the water and in the casino.

Laguna Beach, California. Halfway between Los Angeles and Camp Pendleton, Laguna is a favorite with marines. It sits on cliffs overlooking the ocean and is where I saw my first Pacific sunset. Seals bounce on and off the kelp-softened rocks and beach girls in T-shirts bounce around in pursuit of volleyballs.

East Hampton, New York. The only beach I know where ladies of a certain age stroll along the water's edge in summer in long, printed dresses, shading themselves with parasols. Also a splendid consistency of sand for the construction of crenellated castles.

St. Ives, Cornwall, England. Not for swimming, of course, no one since Evelyn Waugh has swum in England while sober. A great, crescent beach, smooth, cool, and fringed with hotels and restaurants where you can eat scones with Devonshire cream and not go near the water.

Deauville, France. Another place not to swim. But where is there as broad a beach? From bathing cabanas to water's edge must be a mile at low tide. Beyond the beach are great hedges masking great houses, where one imagines great wickednesses are accomplished by the French with decadent Englishwomen smuggled in for the occasion.

—JAMES BRADY

TO ADD to your garland of the world's most exquisite beaches, here are a few of my choices.

1. A beach on a small island, Tupai, near Bora-Bora. The honeymoon hideaway of Princess Caroline of Monte Carlo.

2. Whitest sand beach in Antigua near Half-Moon Bay.

3. On Burma's west coast on the Bay of Bengal, "Sandoway" (near a village of same name). Thirty-minute flight from Rangoon.

4. On India's southwest coast below Bombay, "Coromandel."

Some of the above beaches are famed for the three S 's—Sea, Sand, and Sex.

—ANDRE KOSTELANETZ

THE FIRST BEACH that I saw that I could truly classify as great was Varadero Beach in Cuba. Its wonders were first described to me many years ago by Budd Schulberg, the writer, and when I arrived there I saw instantly that his judgment was sound and his reporting was accurate. There was the long, white beach rimmed with sea grape and palm trees, the green water, the sun so hot on a February noon that it felt like a weight on the back, cold bottles of Hatuey *cerveza* served in a thatched-roof shack in the sand, and the persistent rumble of cha-cha-cha music coming from beach-front jukeboxes. I do not want to dwell excessively upon a place that is regrettably not easily accessible at this time, but it is perhaps the finest beach I have ever seen.

—CASKIE STINNETT

MY FAVORITES are clear-cut. The loveliest beach I know is the one at Hana on the island of Maui. Saw it recently and it's even better than I said in the notorious quote of some years back.

I also like public beaches where large numbers of participants can have a good time. Bondi in Australia is incredible. I also had a good time on one near Santa Monica.

But the one to which I am most deeply indebted is a small one on the South Pacific island of Espíritu Santo, for it was there that I really discovered the ocean, its corals, its sea slugs, and the meaning of a lagoon, however small. Wouldn't loom very large to someone else, but I remember it with deep affection, because it came along when I needed it.

—JAMES MICHENER

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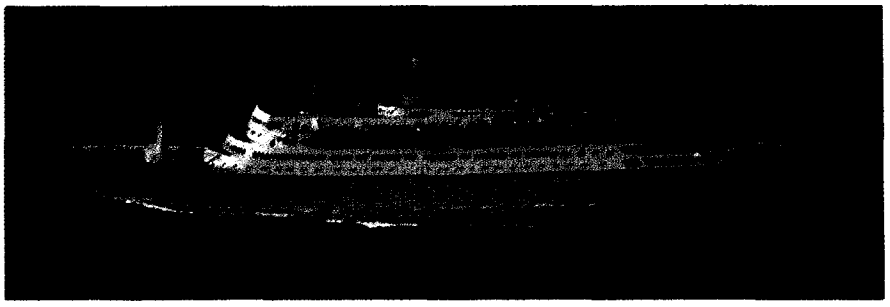

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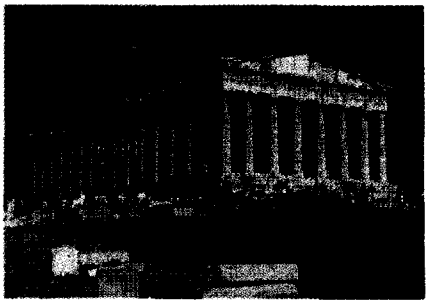

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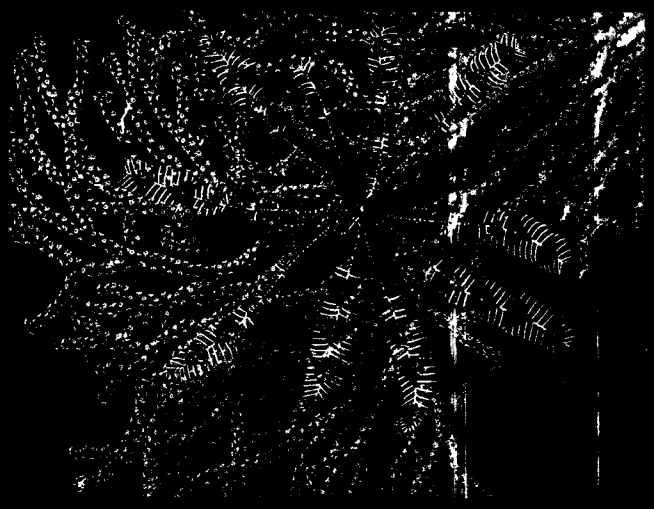
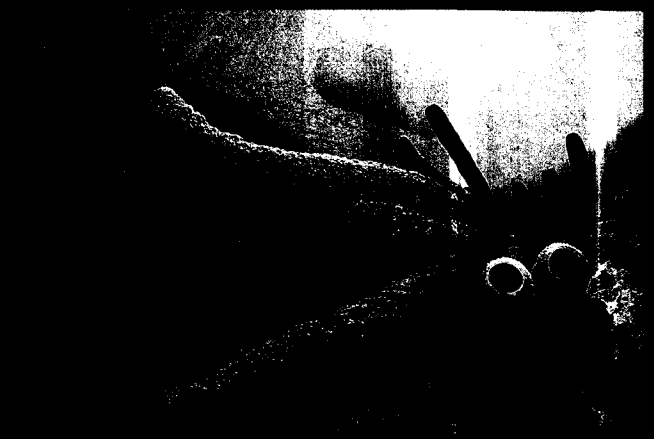
A Click in the Deep

by Owen Edwards
Photographs by David Doubilet

AT THIS VERY moment they are out there, by the hundreds or even thousands, finning through waters clear or murky, frigid or bathlike, perhaps suspended, breathless, eyeball to baleful eyeball with mako sharks or laboring to get groupers and gruntfish into the center of a picture. "They" are that new species, the underwater photographer, one-eyed two-tailed shutter-fish, and however harassed other ocean creatures may be, these are proliferating like plankton.

Yet of all those who go down to the sea with cameras, only a handful have been able to produce underwater photographs that are both individual and memorable. From this handful David Doubilet, whose pictures appear on these 2 pages, has emerged as the most remarkable. Doubilet's photographs are exceptional, whether as unforgettable documents of the places he has dived, from the Galápagos to the Red Sea, as wonderful evidence of the sheer sensual pleasures and sudden thrills of exploring barrier reefs and primordial valleys, or as exquisite photographs in themselves, which just happen to be of fish, fan coral, and the dazzling and still infinitely creative source of all life.





Exploring the entrance to a cave, a diver (this page) is silhouetted by sunlight shimmering down from the "photon shower," a fantastic blending of form and color (right, above). A curious crowd makes its way over red tan coral. With a boat anchor on the clear Caribbean floor, a diver approaches a cluster of tube sponges (middle). With a kind of diplomatic approach from the pectoral fins, a fish (top) in an anemone (bottom) is shown to be a sight to the Red Sea. An elkhorn coral composite page forms a giant sea bouquet. Like sterling discs, mackerels slide through the translucent water of Martinique, while a lone blackish jack meanders in a Red Sea reef.

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Surf Turf

As Panama Dave, Ox, and all surfers know, Hawaii is the land of the sea and the home of the wave.

by Robert Trumbull

WHEN WAIKIKI was the surfing capital of the world, before the tourists took over completely and serious surfers moved to the far side of the island, we rode the waves more or less as the ancient Hawaiians did on tapered planks of solid redwood, eight to 16 feet long and weighing 50 to 80 pounds. To lug these giant timbers across the beach to the water's edge, one used the technique developed by the Hawaiian masters. You stood the board on its squared-off stern, grasped it around the middle with one arm, swung the lower end up by pulling backward till the entire length lay in the arm parallel to the ground, balanced the whole thing against shoulder and head, and staggered off. The technique has become a lost art since the introduction of the short, almost weightless boards of foam rubber and plastic in use today.

The style of riding seen at pre-World War II Waikiki also followed classic Hawaiian lines. Though less intricate than the showy maneuvers performed by professionals in the international competitions off Oahu's North Shore, the standard moves of the old-timers dazzled first-time viewers. Captain Cook, the English mariner who discovered Hawaii in 1778 and thus became the first Westerner to witness the art of surfing, called the sight "[illegible] together astonishing [illegible] credit[illegible]

slide swiftly down the face of the wave, keeping just ahead of the break, with feet slightly apart, left hand forward and right hand up and back in the spear-thrower's attitude. In that posture they achieved prodigious distances before gliding to a graceful stop in the shallows.

The most famous surfer of the time was the late Duke Kahanamoku, an Olympic champion and the greatest swimmer of his day. A revered figure in later years, he was perennially reelected sheriff of Honolulu County and personally conveyed the city's greetings to every visitor of note to arrive in the islands. All of Duke's swimming records have long since fallen, but he is still credited with the longest ride ever made on a surfboard. Catching a 35-foot wave off Diamond Head on his 16-foot board, Duke rode the roller all the way to the beach in front of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, a distance estimated at a mile and three-quarters. The feat, now legendary, could not be duplicated today; man-made alterations to the shoreline for beach development to accommodate more and more tourists have so changed the wave patterns that such a continuous ride would be impossible.

Surfing was purely a recreational sport in the old Waikiki. Among the regulars were doctors, lawyers, businessmen, journalists, and a dedicated feminine contingent whose [illegible] was a bandanna halter [illegible] Mokus," a [illegible] shorter [illegible]

in surfing, and skippering narrow, 12-seat outrigger canoes of polished koa, a Hawaiian type of mahogany, in roller-coaster rides on the waves. They or their apprentices also took care of the beach chairs, towels, suntan oil, and other needs of the users of the roped-off enclosures on the sand reserved for hotel guests.

Beachboys like Panama Dave [illegible] ashes were consigned to the [illegible] loved with a funeral cortège of outrigger canoes when he died a few years ago, became personal friends of the movie stars and the international playboy circle who returned to Waikiki every winter.

The Waikiki beachboys of [illegible] made a lasting contribution to [illegible] tional resort fashions by popu[illegible] the loose, brightly patterned [illegible] shirt." The garment has since [illegible] general use in Hawaii and [illegible] Pacific, even for office wear. "We wear a regular shirt and tie only when we have to go to court or a funeral," the vice president of a major Honolulu financial institution said recently.

A new kind of surfer po[illegible] Waikiki with the surge of in[illegible] sport generated by a [illegible] lywood beach mov[illegible] *Blanket Bingo* and [illegible] Distinguishable by the[illegible] and reddened [illegible] tinual gallon[illegible] water, they [illegible] ing hou[illegible] hig[illegible]

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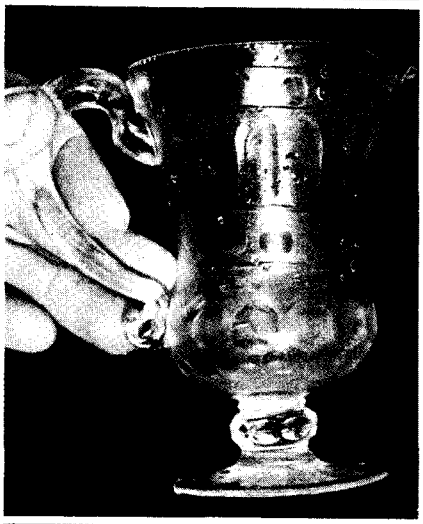

The Underwater Archaeologists

by Horace Sutton

LATE SUMMER IS hurricane season in the West Indies. Skies suddenly darken, glowering over an indigo sea. Winds rip whitecaps on the water, and, growing in intensity, bend palm trees, send tin roofs skimming through the air as small boys skip flat stones across still ponds. Waves build to mountainous heights, washing away pieces of coastline, whole houses. And ships.

It was to be that kind of day that August 24, when *Our Lady of Guadeloupe* and her accompanying ship, the *Count of Tolosa*, sailed from Puerto Rico headed toward disaster off the northern shores of Santo Domingo. *Guadeloupe* was carrying nearly 1,000 persons, more than 350 of them crew members. She was inbound from Cádiz and standing for Veracruz, her hold filled with jugs of olive oil, wine, vinegar, almonds, sausages, cases of gunpowder, and elaborately packaged mercury intended for the mines of Mexico. Seventy cannon protected her from unfriendly ships.

The mercury, her most precious cargo, aside from human life, was packed in sheepskins, tied with weed rope, then placed in barrels, the barrels set in groups of three in wooden boxes that were nailed shut and covered with a linen cloth affixed with the seal of the royal arms of Spain.

In addition to the freight, there were the passengers—Franciscan monks,

The field for marine archaeology is as immense as the dry-land digs in the sand wastes of Egypt and the Middle East. Above, Tracy Bowden, captain of the Caribe Salvage diving ship Hickory, *explores one of the wrecks off the Dominican coast. Among the treasures that have been salvaged are porcelain vases and 18th-century crystal.*

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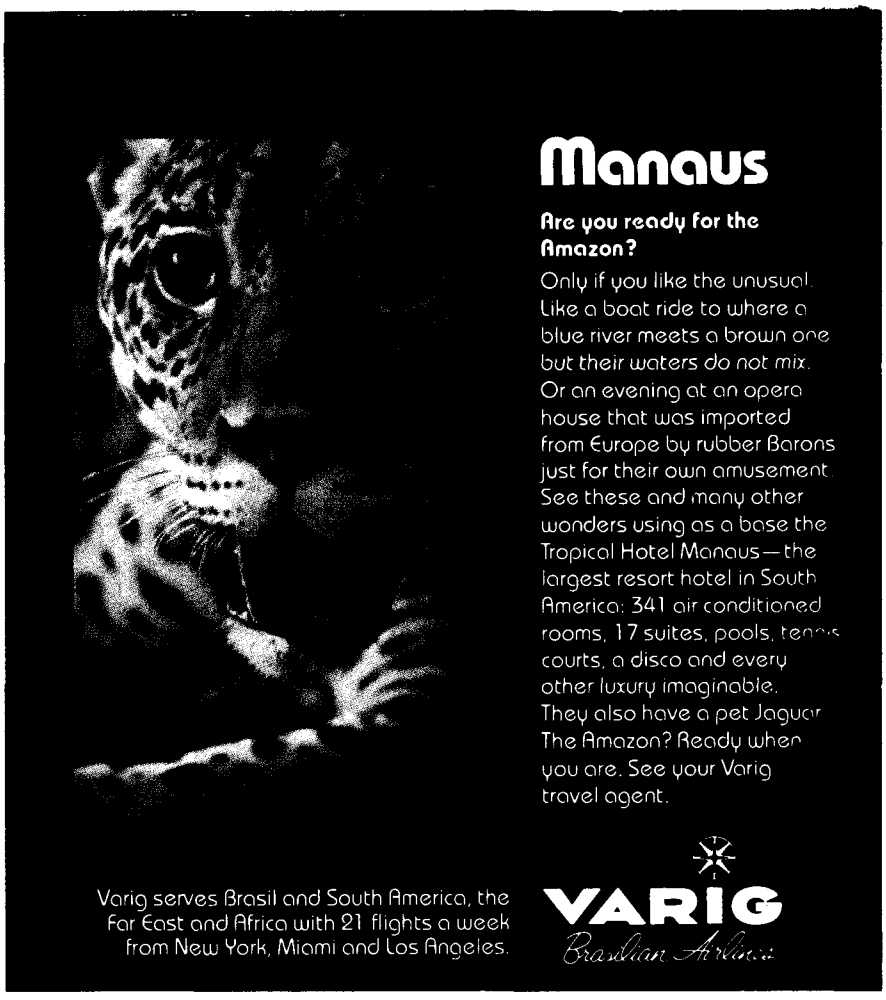
functionaries on their way to posts in the Americas, not the least of them a female judge seven months pregnant on her way back to her bench in Guatemala. For their use the ship carried service ware collected on trips to eastern ports—ceramic bowls and dishes as well as glasses from the famed artisans of Spain. Some of the glassware was consigned for sale in the New World. The year was 1724, long before hurricanes were tracked in advance.

Columbus himself had charted the route, for it was he who, in his first and second voyages, had sailed south from Cádiz to the Canaries, cutting across Puerto Rico to Santo Domingo, which was the land he loved best and one of the three places (along with Havana and Seville) in which it is claimed that he is buried. But now, on this August 24, 1724, by five in the afternoon, *Guadeloupe* and *Tolosa* were off Samana to this day a fetching colonial town on the northeast shore of the Dominican Republic. A cartographer had sent the captain a request to map the little-known inlet leading to the Bay of Samaná and so the two vessels, *Guadeloupe* and *Tolosa*, steered their passengers and their cargo toward the harbor. At that very instant a hurricane struck, one of the worst, up to that time, that had ever been registered in the West Indies. Both vessels were hurled against the reef, *Tolosa* sinking up to her topsails, the *Guadeloupe* up to her deck, drowning all those caught in the gangways.

Two hundred and fifty-three years later, Caribe Salvage, a private company with Dominican and U.S. interests, together with the Grupo de Investigaciones Submarinas, a subsidiary of the Dominican Republic National Direction of Parks, began to work on underwater archaeological salvage.

Caribe Salvage, whose president is Harry Doan, and a vice-president of North American Marine Salvage, is interested in retrieving artifacts. It owns half of what it finds, the other half going to the government. Working with Dr. Alfred Staffeld Madsen, a Caribe stockholder and the company's representative in the Dominican Republic, Caribe is free to sell its share. Its share of its first retrieval was purchased straightaway by the Dominican government.

The field for marine archaeology is as immense as the dry-land digs that face archaeologists in the sand wastes of Egypt and the Middle East. There are more than 400 known wrecks around the island that Columbus loved best. Among Caribe's first efforts was an underwater "dig" to probe the wreckage of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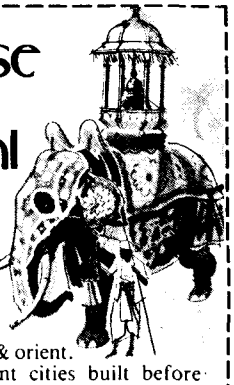

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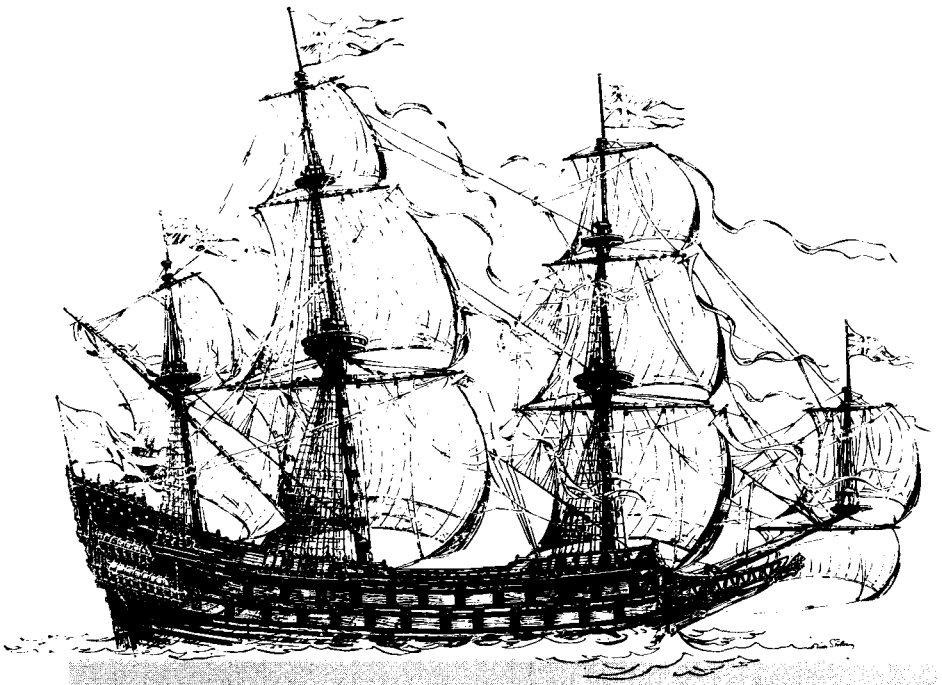


Bottoms Up—in Swedish

In the 17th century, when Sweden was an important naval power, the pride of the nation's navy was the *Vasa*. In a squall on August 10, 1628, however, she capsized and sank, resting on the bottom until she broke surface again on April 24, 1961.

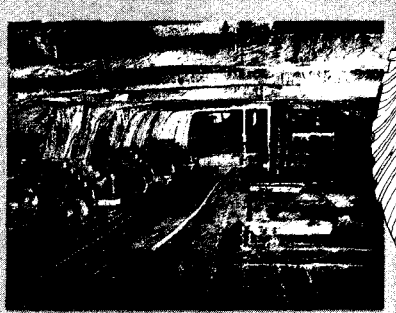
In his book *Salvage From the Sea*, Gerald Forsberg calls the recovery a "magnificent Swedish feat" as well as a "marvelously executed salvage job." He writes:

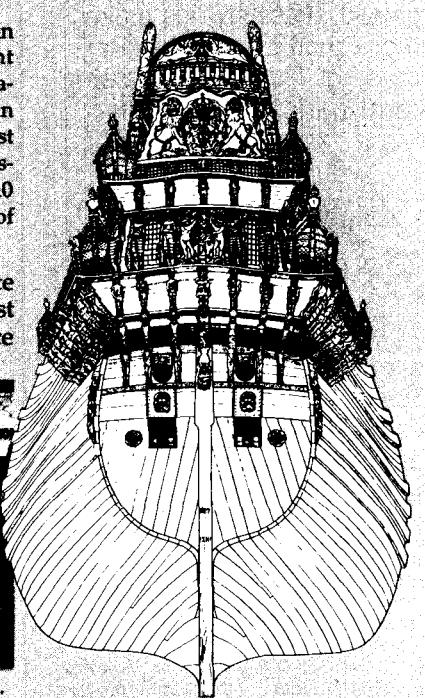
> The vessel had gone down quickly in splendid condition, with excellent equipment and fittings, in a comparatively quiet and clean area of sea. (In passing, it is of interest that in contrast to the *Vasa*, the timber of a Roman vessel discovered in the Thames in 1910 was reduced to the consistency of mushroom).

A specially constructed concrete pontoon was built; mud and ballast were removed quickly to reduce stress once the vessel had been lifted from the sea floor. "The fact that the vessel is now a floating museum with exhibition, lecture, and film halls, as well as offices and maintenance shops, is proof of the success of the post-salvage part of the project," Forsberg writes.

Her recovery after 333 years of immersion is nothing short, the author says, of a "wonderful achievement."

H.S.





The Vasa—recovered after 333 years.

Our Lady of Guadeloupe. What Caribe Salvage has brought up from the bottom in two years is believed to constitute the largest and most varied collection of retrieved articles in the world. It includes navigation instruments in near-perfect condition, perfume bottles, wine bottles, and medallions without end. From *Guadeloupe* they brought to the surface 364 vases, not counting crystal or glass pieces or fragments. The collection includes 40 defined patterns produced over a period of a hundred years by the famed royal glass factory of La Granja. In Spain the largest glass collection is said to comprise eight La Granja pieces. What came bubbling up from the wreck of *Guadeloupe* were over 300 glasses. Much of the collection, which was originally placed on display in the Casa Bastidas museum in Santo Domingo, will eventually be part of a museum that is being planned for Samaná, the colonial city which was a favorite, during his tenure as president, of Joaquín Balaguer.

The technique of these marine archaeologists is to send researchers to Seville to work in the Archivo General de India, the state library that logged the ships employed in the trade race in the Indies. When a wreck has been pinpointed by historical data, Caribe Salvage dispatches its diving ship *Hickory*, a 130-foot-long American craft, once a buoy tender, out of Ocean City, Maryland. Along with captain Tracy Bowden and a crew of four, all of them divers, the captain included, works a representative from the Dominican Navy and a member of the Center of Inventory, part of the Ministry of Education.

After the wreck has been spotted and been declared a "hot area," a fact confirmed by the use of a magnetometer, the site is prop-washed by an underwater propeller. That clears away the sand. Air compressors then suck out the sand and the mud. When the coral is chipped away, divers may find the structure of the ship. Bringing it to the surface in a piece would be another story, for even wood sunk for two centuries beneath the waves begins to rot perceptibly on the truck run from Samaná and Santo Domingo four and a half hours away.

Perhaps the most successful feat of archaeological retrieval was engineered by the Swedes in 1961 when they raised the *Vasa*, which was the pride of the nation's fleet when it capsized in a storm in August 1628. That the vessel was in perfect condition when it was lost, the fact that it sank quickly and then lay preserved in mud, were primary factors in its retrieval after more than

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three centuries of submersion.

The Dominican group has worked with considerable success—though they have not attempted total retrieval on a warship lying in their waters, the *Scipion*, a French man-of-war under the command of Captain Grimouard. In October 1782 Grimouard, patrolling in the canal between Puerto Rico and Santo Domingo, was engaged by two British ships, the 100-cannon *London* and the 74-cannon *Torbay*. *Scipion*, which carried 74 cannon, found itself overmatched in an engagement that was part of a sea war between France and Britain in the Caribbean, a carry-over from the American Revolution.

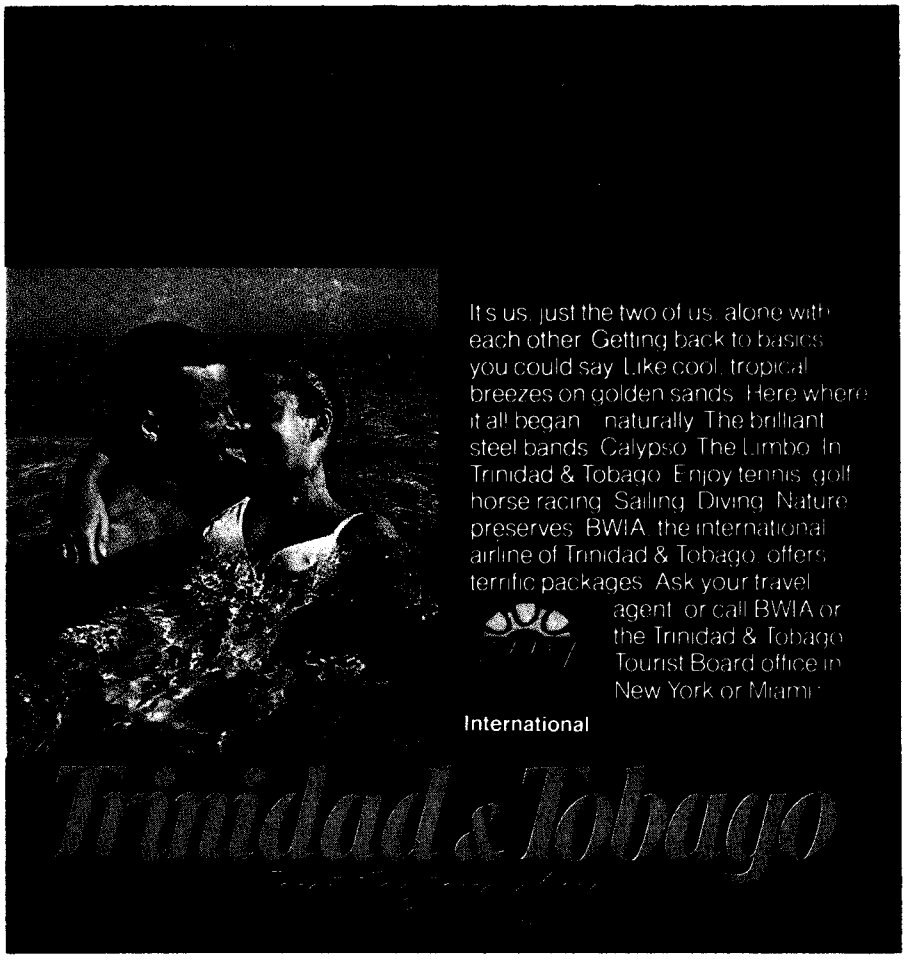
After an eight-hour battle, *Scipion* broke away and entered Samaná Bay. Heading for an anchorage known as Englishman's Port, *Scipion* grounded, water poured in, and by the next night she broke in two and was lost.

When the retrieval work on *Guadeloupe* ended early in 1977, divers began work on a nearby sunken ship thought to be the *Tolosa*. But the coins that were brought up were issued in 1779, half a century after *Tolosa* and *Guadeloupe* went down. Moreover, they bore on the obverse side the image of Louis XVI of France, who reigned from 1774 to 1793. The coins, and the cannon which bore markings of 1768, helped to prove that the ship was not *Tolosa* but the French warship *Scipion*. The military buttons and buckles brought up from her are claimed to comprise the largest retrieved collection in the world.

Caribe Salvage is now working on a virgin wreck, found by the company six miles offshore. "It would be most exciting," says Dr. Staffeld, "to get a wreck from the 16th century." There are not many, but his people have an idea where one might be. A gold wreck would be interesting too, and were one to be found, Staffeld says, "We wouldn't leave it there."

While they are interested in profit, he and his salvors are not treasure hunters. It is the government plan to build a museum of marine archaeology in Samaná, adding another attraction to the tourist development of the Dominican Republic.

The museum, Staffeld thinks, should be the patrimony of the Americas. After all, the ships now being uncovered by marine archaeologists are not necessarily representative of Dominican culture. But if anyone wants to reflect on the history of the Americas, it is under the sea. Fragments of that history will be pieced together, and, for historians, scholars, and those merely fascinated, will one day be displayed in the galleries at Samaná. ◉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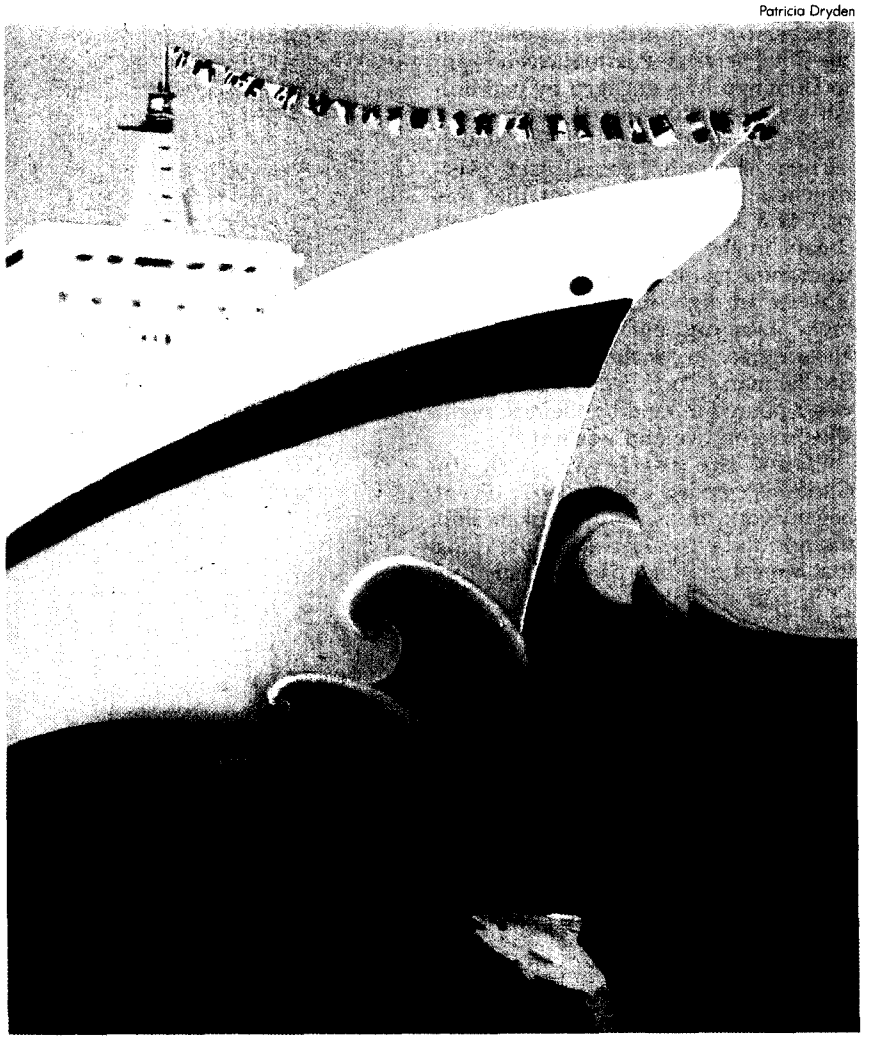
Cruise Ships Show Their True Colors

by Judith and Neil Morgan

Patricia Dryden



WE WERE SOMEWHERE on the Arafura Sea, and a vague sense of uneasiness had roused us from sleep even before our alarm clock rattled at 4 AM. It was a black night when the southeast monsoon had blotted out the moon. We went to the bridge of the M.S. *Lindblad Explorer* and found the Swedish captain Rolf Nordell gulping coffee and staring at his chart.

"We get no help of any kind from shore," he said, burying his face briefly in the mask of his scanning radar. On most maps, this 200-mile coastal swamp on the Indonesian side of New Guinea appears as a shaded area, an undefined shoreline where tides move in and out as much as 11 miles. "We are so far off shipping lanes that we're the only major vessel within hundreds of miles. We must shoot the sun or moon to be sure where we are."

He gazed out into the dark and shrugged. One thing he knew, the ocean floor was moving steadily nearer to the hull of our ship, a doughty adventurer that roams the world from the Antarctic to Shanghai, from the North Cape to the unsung atolls of the South Pacific. A little after five, as first light came, the sonar showed less than 10 feet of water beneath the ship.

No landfall could be sighted through the murk, but the captain dropped anchor and calculated our position as 20 miles off the Bets River estuary of West Irian, close to the village where Michael Rockefeller was last seen in 1961 during his expedition among the Asmat headhunting tribes we now sought to visit.

Our Zodiac rubber boats went over the side and 45 cruise passengers, huddled in rain gear and whispering in the wind, set out into a gray world with no horizon, no line between sky and sea.

The boatman in our Zodiac had an old box compass, toward which he occasionally aimed a flashlight and a grim smile. Picnic lunches were lashed beneath tarps, and as the hours passed, the rains grew heavier.

With the ship long out of view and land still not in sight, the outboards of our Zodiacs churned into the ocean floor and died. Wet and shivering, some of us stepped into the muddy waters and began walking through the sea, pushing the boats before us and awaiting help from a changing tide.

We heard the deep "Wuh! Wuh!" of the Asmat chants before we saw the warriors, standing tall and naked in their dugout canoes and skimming toward us at high speed. Nothing could have been more welcome. They may have been coming from the Stone Age but they were company. And they meant that land, in some form, was near.

The sun broke through as they boarded our Zodiacs and led us up side streams to stilt-house villages where we admired their wood carvings and dances. We will never know what they thought of our soggy straw hats and bedraggled bermuda shorts, but their smiles were wide.

No other cruise ship goes to such lengths to insure a spirit of learning and adventure among its passengers, but the entire booming cruise industry is taking closer aim on travelers' growing desires for new experiences and the sense of foreignness. The ease and security of cruise ship travel remain paramount, but the spur of competition is bringing bonuses. Costume parties alone will no longer fill a ship. Shipboard lecturers are thronged by passengers who intend to relearn their Greek history as they cruise the islands, or ponder the Ice Age as they move among the crackling behemoths of Glacier Bay.

Aboard the sleek ships of the Royal Viking Line, it is not just the incomparable Scandinavian smorgasbord and Linie Aquavit that toast the Norwegian heritage. It is also the ship's officers, those bushy-browed men of Bergen or Oslo, and the rosy-cheeked young staff who romp through folk songs and dances on special evenings. Successful ships like these concentrate on the excitement of days in port as well as comforts at sea. When the *Royal Viking Sea* pulled into Catania, Sicily, last Sep-

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tember, those of us who had elected to take the bus and cable car up Mt. Etna with a scholarly guide found Europe's largest volcano in the second day of a grand and orderly eruption. We hiked through slippery drifts of ash, then over jagged older lava to stand on hot cinder rock at the edge of a flowing river of red lava. Some from our ship had sought out the temples of ancient Syracuse; others had made pilgrimage to the tiered resort of Taormina. Whatever the level of experience that sunny day, no passenger on that cruise will ever again think only of Mafia when the name of Sicily is heard.

The Italians have slipped from their former major role in the cruise industry, but the Costa Line offers an ebullient sense of fun, whether sailing on Caribbean runs from San Juan or Miami, or cruising from ports closer to its crews' hearts, such as Genoa or Venice. Italians also dominate the dining room staffs of the ships of the Princess Cruises, and practice the art of flattery more deftly than any others. *Pacific Princess* is the *Love Boat* of television, and the illusion persists, when one is pinned to the wall by the darting glances of young Italians, that romance is as prevalent as pasta.

Even the circumspect British-flag ships seem to be nibbling tentatively at the prurient. Most British nights at sea are indelibly British, a style that has sufficed since the days of the East Indian clippers. But on a recent North Atlantic cruise two lecturers were aboard the *Queen Elizabeth II* to hold discussions on "Sex in the Middle and Later Years."

Those who knew the great liner *France* may bemoan the decline of French-flag cruising, but the smaller ships of the Paquet Line offer some of that unmistakable flair. Norwegian America's *Sagafjord* carries its bold Scandinavian mood around the world.

Holland America's little *Prinsendam*, with just 193 cabins, has long been a favorite of discriminating travelers, whether cruising from Vancouver to Alaska, or on around the top of the Pacific and down to Yokohama and Shanghai en route to Singapore. *Norwegian Caribbean*, *Royal Caribbean*, and Carnival's *Mardi Gras*, big-leaguers in the Caribbean holiday cruise traffic, have the sense of now-or-never fun refined to a slick social formula. The spacious *Fairsea* and *Fairwind* of Sitmar Cruises ply the Panama Canal, like many cruise ships, between the Caribbean and the lucrative Mexico-Alaska runs of the West Coast, taking sun and party-time with them wherever they go. The *Stella Solaris* and her lovely little sister, *Stella Oceanis*, have found their

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clientele among those who seek a few extra refinements that smallness makes possible. The ultimate down-home American style for those with spunk and time can be found aboard the passenger/cargo *Santas* of the Delta Steamship Lines on their informal, 52-day swings around South America. And if the Greeks had two words for it they would be *Danae* and *Daphne*, the sister ships of Carras Cruises, each with enough feta cheese, kalamata olives, and unresinated wine to make you savor the Greek spirit whether you're cruising to Mykonos or heading north to the Baltic. Also of Greek registry is Cruise Lines's *Golden Odyssey*, which wanders as much as its namesake.

Whatever the ship, the magic is that it quickly becomes home. After satisfying but tiring days on land excursions in the Mayan jungles or the Greek hinterlands, the first sight at sundown of that brightly lighted ship riding at anchor elicits a quickening sense of homecoming: those hot showers, cool bars, soft beds, all that safe and familiar food.

Yet every ship undergoes a chameleon change that reflects the sea on which it sails. Virtually hidden from the Soviet people in the remote freight dockyards of Leningrad harbor, even the most joyously outfitted cruise ship acquires some of the dourness of the Russian soldiers at dockside, and some of the sense of intrigue of a temporary capitalist bastion encircled by communism.

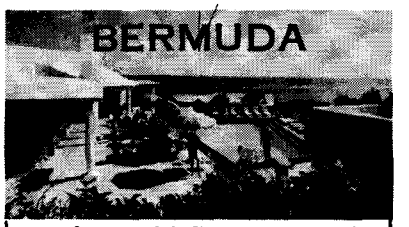
New ports and routes are being developed every year. One of our favorite British sea captains was the late Commodore Clifford Edgecombe, who sailed with P&O for many years before retiring. Most of his seagoing life was in the Pacific, the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea, and the Mediterranean. "Insofar as I am concerned," he once said in his wry, rumbly way, "the Atlantic is only hearsay."

But the Norwegian owners of the Royal Viking Line drew him away from retirement at his Surrey farm to browse the seas once more in search of novel ports and cruises.

"Good Lord," he cried happily when we saw him next. "I had no idea there was so much more out there. So long as ships will float, we will never tire of discovery."

And the farm at Surrey simply had to wait. ◉

Neil Morgan is associate editor of the San Diego Evening Tribune *and writes a syndicated travel column. His wife Judith writes a column that appears in the* Los Angeles Times *and other newspapers.*



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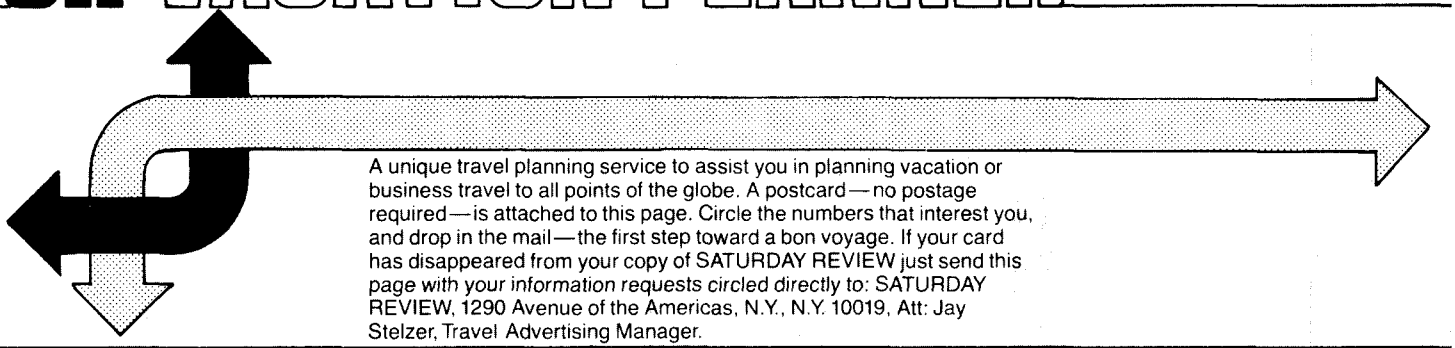

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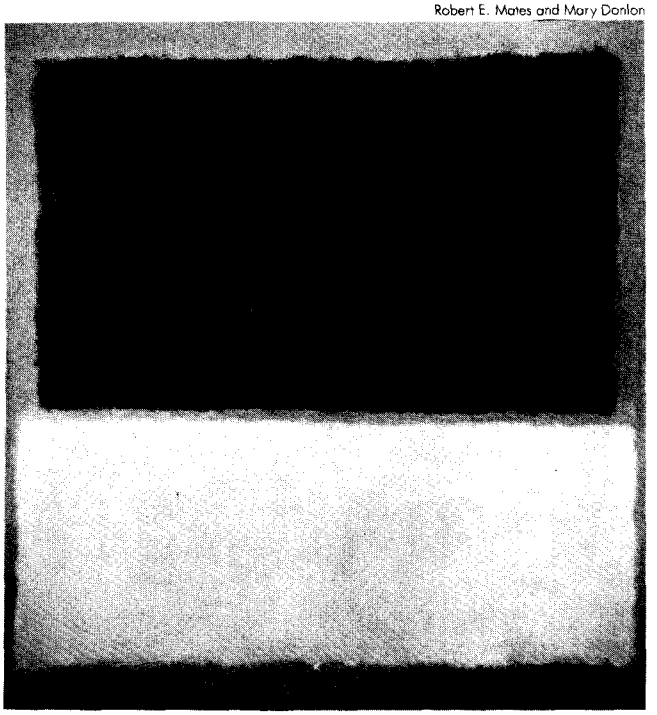
LOOKOUTS

Robert E. Mates and Mary Donlon



"Prehistoric Memory," 1946 (left); "Blue Over Orange," 1956 (above)

Swamped With Rothko

Throughout his life Mark Rothko sought to remove from his work the "swamps" of memory, history, and geometry no artist can finally escape. He filled his canvases with huge, powerful rectangles, bright colors, and subtle shadings, giving his art great force and individuality. And at the time of his death, this son of a Jewish pharmacist had become one of America's most celebrated painters.

For the past few months the Guggenheim Museum in New York City has boasted the first major retrospective of Rothko's vision. Included among 150 paintings and other works are some of the canvases (whose nefarious sale precipitated the Marlborough Gallery scandal, sometimes called the art world's Watergate) left in the artist's estate after his suicide in 1970, and some from private collections never before shown to the public.

On January 14 the collection will embark on a tour: to Houston's Museum of Fine Arts (February 8-April 1), then to the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis (April 21-June 10), and finally to the Los Angeles County Museum of Art (July 3-September 26).

Abusive Behavior

Most people shudder when they hear the words "child abuse," imagining black and blued young flesh and emotional scars. Mistreatment of children is not a pretty subject, and it's not one we like to dwell on. But this month (check local listings for times), Public Broadcasting Service stations across the country will attempt to bring home a different aspect of the problem. *Raised in Anger,* hosted by Edward Asner and produced by James Seguin for WQED in Pittsburgh, is an hour-long documentary that examines not the battered children, but their parents, all of whom belong to a new group called Parents Anonymous. The damages range from mild verbal and emotional harassment to the murder of an infant. Following the telecast, local stations will provide information on referral services available in the community. A good omen for 1979, the International Year of the Child.

Kid Client

In a child's room, the bed invariably doubles as a trampoline, but with the right design it could also become a platform in a jungle-gym, a barn bunk-bed with a farmyard of stuffed animals, the top level of an enormous chest of drawers—or even a gigantic sneaker that laces up on chilly nights. In *Children's Spaces,* by Molly and Norman McGrath (Morrow), the authors, along with 50 architects, designers, and parents, demonstrate that a successful child's room must accommodate the child's needs, not the parents' expectations. His room is the one corner of the house a youngster can call his own, where he not only sleeps but does homework, entertains, plays, and stores his belongings.

Most of the designs in this handsomely photographed survey start with simple, functional furnishings and a maximum of free space for the child to fill with his own ideas. As one professional said, never try to second-guess a kid. After all, he's the client.

Norman McGrath

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An adaptation from the original poster for the 1897 Sapho

Musical Notes

Carlos Paita, a conductor well known to Europe and South America, will make his American debut with the Houston Symphony on January 20. Paita, a native of Buenos Aires, has acquired a reputation of some magnitude for his fiery conducting of Wagner and his at times equally fiery relations with his players.

A Massenet opera not heard in New York for nearly 70 years will be presented on January 23 in Carnegie Hall by the Friends of French Opera. Based on the celebrated novel by Alphonse Daudet, the concert version of *Sapho* will bring back the favorite Swedish soprano Elisabeth Söderström as Fanny Legrand. This leading role was made famous in other days by Emma Calvé, who sang in the world premiere in Paris in 1897, and by Mary Garden, who sang in the American premiere in 1909. Others in the cast include mezzo Betty Allen and tenor Donald Grobe; Robert Lawrence is the conductor.

Tasty Pastries

From the trio that brought us *A Little Night Music* comes a new toe-tapper on a different note: *Sweeny Todd*, a grisly but amusing tale, based on the legend of a barber whose numerous enemies mysteriously disappear while his lady friend manufactures tasty meat pies that become the town's culinary rage.

Harold Prince directs Angela Lansbury and Len Cariou in this latest Stephen Sondheim-Hugh Wheeler effort. And the Demon Barber is as established in the theater as these veterans. Seven dramatic adaptations of *Sweeny Todd* have appeared over the years, it was Charles Dickens's favorite play, and it was Queen Victoria's first royal command performance. But never before has the murderous barber had a book by Wheeler, music and lyrics by Sondheim, and direction by Prince, so we have great expectations for Mr. Todd and his pie-making friend.

Previews begin January 23 at the Uris Theatre, regular performances start February 19. Bon appétit.

Bag Art

Two years ago, Yasmine Sokal (the model) seductively posed for a Bloomingdale's shopping bag, and was mistakenly identified as Yasmin Aly Khan (the princess). Her highness was naturally shaken, but she graciously accepted Bloomie's public apologies.

And so the princess missed her chance. She could have been a museum piece by now, rubbing elbows with contemporary Andy Warhol bags and ancestral bandboxes in the Cooper-Hewitt Museum's *Shopping Bag: Portable Graphic Art* (through January 27). Among the more than 100 pieces in the exhibit, there's even a fine example of the original—the brown bag with handles—the first in a long line of creative, attractive, and sometimes even controversial carryalls.

Sting Alongs

Fred Malone has allowed 1,726 bees to sting him on various parts of his body, and claims he's never felt better. His seeming masochism, he says, cured his arthritis when all else failed. In *Bees Don't Get Arthritis* (Dutton), Malone shares his findings on sting therapy, gathered from doctors and beekeepers across the country.

Fifty years ago, bee-venom injections (Malone prefers the more effective stings) were on the way to becoming an accepted form of therapy within the medical profession. When a wave of more reliable therapies and drugs came in, bee venom was shelved and all but forgotten. Malone wants a reconsideration of its value, and presents his cure, excerpts from medical studies, and doctors' testimony as proof of its potency.

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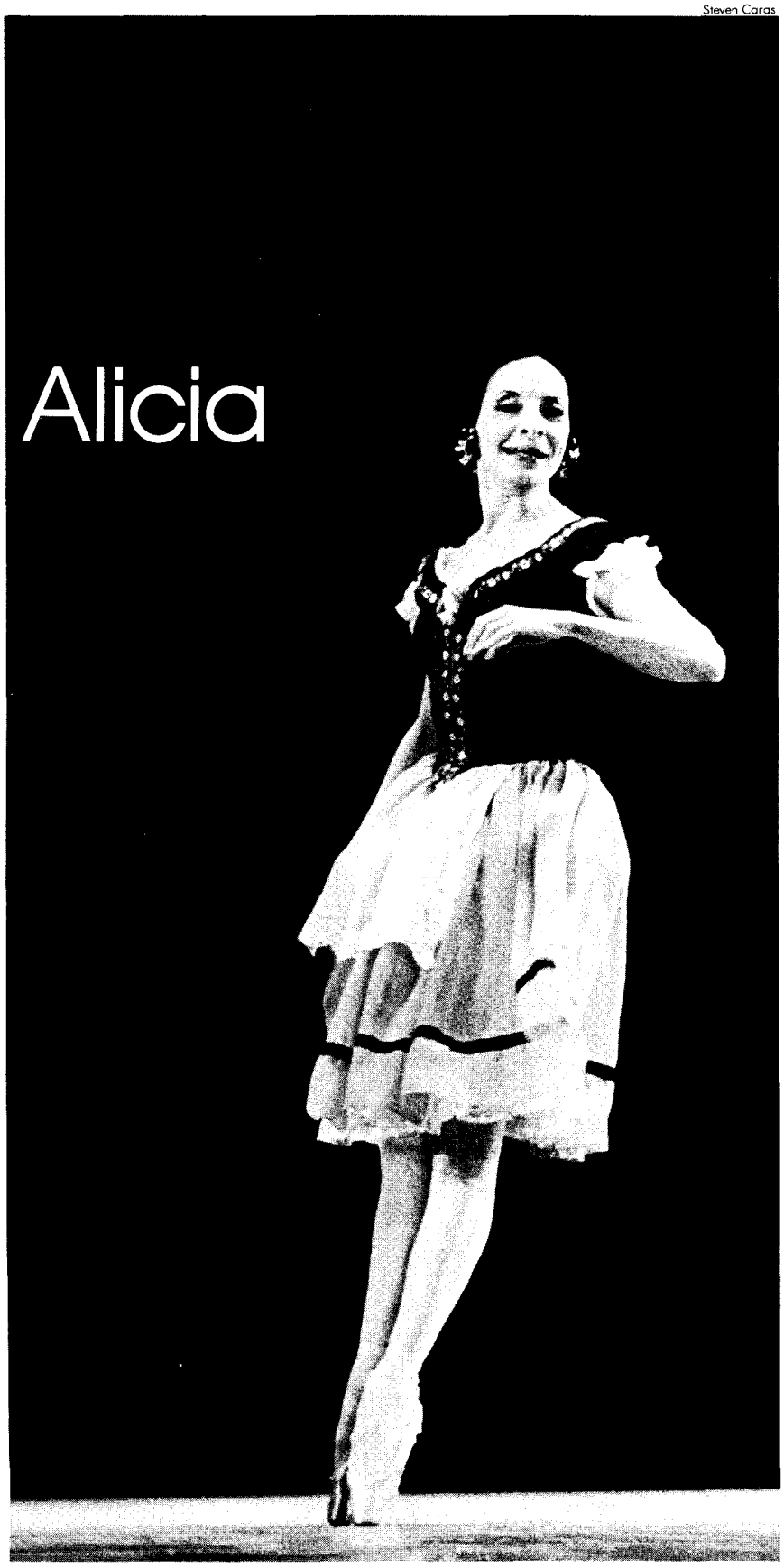
Steven Caras



Alicia Alonso in her very special interpretation of Giselle

Alicia

by Walter Terry

Havana

BALLETOMANES arrived here en masse this past November for the Sixth Annual Ballet Festival and the celebrations for the 30th anniversary of the Ballet Nacional de Cuba, founded by Alicia Alonso. These visitors referred to or addressed the great ballerina and director as Miss Alonso. But to every Cuban—members of the Ballet Nacional, dance students in provincial schools, fans, and even the man in the street—she is simply Alicia.

The year 1978 was a momentous one for Alicia Alonso. It marked the 40th anniversary of her debut as a professional dancer; the 35th anniversary of her first performance in the title role of *Giselle*, in which she then had few if any peers; and the anniversary of the now internationally famous Ballet Nacional de Cuba (which was first called the Ballet Alicia Alonso, and then the Ballet de Cuba.) For the Cuban ballerina, the anniversary of her company was the most important, for it established her concept of ballet education throughout Cuba and constituted her lasting and most far-reaching contribution to her country.

The Ballet Nacional de Cuba has triumphed in Paris, which gave birth to classical ballet three centuries ago; in Russia, until recently the world capital of ballet; in China, where ballet has just begun to take root; and, last summer, in the United States, where Alicia had begun her career as a company dancer in musical comedies and where she became prima ballerina (with the American Ballet Theatre). Her pioneering efforts with Cuban ballet commenced while she was still an American ballet star. For several years she spent vacations, and the not uncommon between-seasons layoffs of those days, plan-

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ning to start her own troupe in Cuba. With the help of such colleagues as her almost constant partner, Igor Youskevitch, Melissa Hayden, Barbara Fallis, and Royes Fernandez, Alonso launched a little company that would perform in Cuba and tour Latin America.

In time, she and her then husband, Fernando Alonso (a superb teacher), and brother-in-law Alberto Alonso, as choreographer, made Cuban ballet self-reliant. Today, the Ballet Nacional de Cuba boasts more than one hundred dancers, a school for Cuba's most promising young dancers, and, most important, a program of dance instruction made available throughout the island nation.

Under Fidel Castro, Cuba's commander-in-chief and president, every young Cuban receives free education; and if any student yearns for a ballet career and displays the necessary physical, mental, and artistic attributes, Alicia will see to it that he or she receives absolutely first-class dance training. The system works as follows: Every school provides the child with a general education in the arts as well as academics. The child with a special aptitude (similar arrangements are made for students with a gift in the sciences) is auditioned and then transferred from his elementary school to the nearest provincial school that combines academic studies with intensive arts training. From there, only the most gifted move on: first, to Cubanacàn, a superbly staffed and remarkably beautiful arts academy on the outskirts of Havana; next, to the school of the Ballet Nacional de Cuba in central Havana; and finally, into the Ballet Nacional itself. Teachers trained by Alicia's national school have been placed at every level, and it is they who teach, audition, and promote. Alicia herself makes the final selections from Cubanacàn on. "A rural child," she says, "has an equal opportunity with the city child. If there is dance talent, we will find it; if the child has a desire to dance, we will give him every chance to develop his talent." Jorge Esquivel, once a forgotten orphan, has become Cuba's premier danseur and is usually Alicia's partner, although he is 30 years her junior.

For children who need therapy, either physical or emotional, Alicia Alonso has developed what she calls "psychoballet." She works with doctors and psychologists, and says, "Dance works on the total being. By that I mean the mind and the spirit as well as the purely physical parts, and I think of dance as the *total* antibiotic for healing." At 57, Alicia not only recognizes the healing powers of dance but also its continuously vitalizing forces. She told me, "I live when I dance. I live not just for myself. When I'm on stage with my dancers, I live with them. It is life." Although the 30th anniversary of her company and the achievements of her training programs are of prime concern to her, Alicia would have been less than human if she had not savored her own anniversaries, the anniversaries of her greatest achievements as a prima ballerina.

Ballet Nacional dancers have worked their way up in Alonso's schools.

Fidel himself, who had attended the opening night of her Sixth International Ballet Festival and the launching of the birthday celebration of the Ballet Nacional, returned to the handsome Garcia Lorca Theater for her very special *Giselle*, in which her interpretation remains unique. Esquivel was her partner, Count Albrecht of the ballet, and earlier Albrechts were there to pay tribute: from the United States, Youskevitch; from the U.S.S.R., Azari Plisetski (brother of the Bolshoi's prima ballerina, Maya Plisetskaya); and from the United Kingdom, her very first Albrecht, Anton Dolin, who is now 74 years old. Near the end of the half-hour ovation for Alicia, while showers of rose petals descended upon the ballerina, Dolin placed a laurel wreath on the head of his onetime student and knelt at her feet. Alicia Alonso, Cuban-born, America-trained, world-renowned, was crowned "Queen of the Dance."

Prima ballerina that she truly is and the most powerful figure in Cuba's arts that she may be, Alicia is first and always a dancer. Once a hoofer in the Ethel Merman show, *Stars in Your Eyes* (and other musicals), she became an American ballerina and an associate of such major dance figures as Antony Tudor, Agnes de Mille, Jerome Robbins, and, of course, Dolin. She has battled severe eye troubles since her teens, dancing *Giselle* when she was almost totally blind, and performing today, following an operation in 1976, blind in one eye and with only partial vision in the other.

But she remains, as do all great dancers, a student. She is simply a pupil in class with members of her company. Her 39-year-old daughter Laura gives her a private lesson at 8:30 each morning and corrects her as if she were a beginner: "Don't favor that knee. You're letting that left hip go. Don't hold back on that *grand jeté*—I want to see a real thrust forward into space." Says Laura, "In class, she's a dancer and I tell her what to do. After class? Well, she's 'Mama' and I do what I'm told!"

In Alonso's company is a 19-year-old corps de ballet member named Ivan Monreal. He happens to be Laura's son and Alicia's grandson. If you watch closely in *Giselle*, you may see him standing close to his grandmother for a fraction of a minute in the village scene of Act I. I asked him what it was like being up there with her. "When I'm on stage with her," he says, "I don't think of her as my grandmother, I think of her as Giselle." He paused, looked at me very seriously, almost sternly: "Because she *is* Giselle."

Author's note: Alicia Alonso, in *Giselle* and in a repertory of other ballets, will return with her Ballet Nacional de Cuba to the United States for a tour, culminating in an engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House, July 10-28. ◉

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THE MOVIES

Days of High Seriousness

by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

Interiors—*On the sterility of a family which has no interiors.*

"HIGH SERIOUSNESS" was a quality much valued by Matthew Arnold, who thought Chaucer lacked it. By high seriousness Arnold meant a work of art that embodied a criticism of life based on lofty principle and absolute sincerity. Chaucer has survived Arnold's disappointment. But the aspiration to high seriousness has survived too; and it occasionally overcomes even such profane fellows as film-makers: in the cases under notice, two gifted writer-directors, Woody Allen and Terence Malick.

On the surface Woody Allen's *Interiors* (United Artists) is serious to the point of solemnity. But Allen's association with the film has distracted the critics. We read essays wondering why a great comedian should make a movie without a laugh in it or why a Jew should make a drama about a WASP family. All this is surely irrelevant. *Interiors* deserves, like any other movie, to be considered on its intrinsic merits.

Let us therefore purge Woody Allen from our minds and approach *Interiors* as if it had been written by the unknown but gifted X. For the real test is what one would say about it if one never knew that Woody Allen had any connection with it. And the first point a reviewer might well make is that it is a movie about a divorce.

Now divorce is an increasingly common American experience. Half the marriages made in America end in divorce. Moreover, it is a particularly anguishing experience. Yet surprisingly few American movies have dealt seriously with divorce. I am sure that someone will quickly refresh my memory, but at the moment I cannot think of one. *Interiors* is certainly the first in a long time to take a hard, close look at this nerve-wracking chapter in so many American lives.

The divorce in *Interiors* ends a marriage of more than 30 years. A respectable 63-year-old New York lawyer makes the leap for freedom. His proud and fastidious mate, Craig's wife grown old, nervously moves lamps and vases about and deludes herself with dreams of reconciliation. Gordon Willis's stark photography establishes the atmosphere. The austere interiors of the Long Island house and the New York apartment are the exteriors of a life from which all real feeling has been banished. One of the three daughters, musing on the past, recollects a family Christmas; every bulb on the Christmas tree was white, a perfect image for the sterility of the marriage.

The daughters of so artificial a marriage have, naturally enough, their own hang-ups. Their mother and father have drained them of spontaneity. Under demi-educated chatter, the grown-up girls mess up their own lives, remain deeply vulnerable to their parents, and respond to the breakup of the family with varying gradations of guilt. Guilt turns to resentment when their father shows up with his prospective new wife, a plump, warmhearted, voluble woman, so different from their high-toned and brittle mother.

The movie is occasionally too pat, as when the most hostile daughter is saved from drowning by her stepmother's kiss of life. But it is generally superb in its exactness of observation and its breadth of sympathy. I have seen no movie that explores the impact of divorce with such sensitivity to the dilemmas of everyone involved. The acting beautifully fulfills the directorial intention. Geraldine Page and Maureen Stapleton give simply stunning performances as the old and new wives. Diane Keaton, in a rather unsympathetic role, and Marybeth Hurt are equally fine as the more prominent daughters.

Nor has Woody Allen—that name can't be excluded altogether—lost his satiric touch. The pseudo-intellectual cant he has used before to comic effect he uses to dramatic effect here, and his ear is as precise and devastating as ever. Of course his direction has been influenced by Ingmar Bergman. Why not? No one objected when movies were made, for example, in the manner of Lubitsch; and Bergman is a pretty good influence if your object is to render presumably civilized adults under acute emotional stress. *Interiors* seemed to me a remarkably intelligent movie. The unknown X has a considerable talent for high seriousness.

Terence Malick's *Days of Heaven* (Paramount) is as solemn in tone as *Interiors* and considerably more grandiose in conception. It aspires to be an American epic, an archetypal tale of anony-

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mous individuals playing out their fate against the backdrop of elemental forces. The story is the oldest American fable, people moving west, lighting out for the territory.

But the mood is much less that of Mark Twain than of a romantic naturalist like Frank Norris. The story is of three fugitives from industrial Chicago who flee to the Texas panhandle and then, after scenes of love and murder, flee again into the deeper west. Frank Norris was the novelist of simple-minded determinism. His theme, as Vernon L. Parrington said, was "the impotence of unimportant individuals in the struggle with things as they are." His characters were dwarfed by vast spaces, propelled by forces beyond their control, dominated and destroyed by the inexorable pressures of society and nature. I don't know whether Malick has ever read Norris. But Malick's sea of golden, swaying wheat recalls *The Octopus*, as the inarticulate helplessness of his characters recalls *McTeague*.

Malick's purpose is evidently to give determinism its cinematic equivalent. The film's excitement resides in its visual splendor. Hollywood has made westerns for three-quarters of a century; one would think that the repertoire of photographic effects had long since been exhausted. But the cinematographers, Nestor Almendros and Haskell Wexler, use the camera as it has never been used in a western before. It is a movie of extraordinary beauty, in which every dazzling shot is employed to emphasize the insignificance of human beings next to the immensity of nature. *Days of Heaven* is overphotographed and undercharacterized. The camera knocks one's eyes out. The dialogue is thin and feeble.

Malick carries his indifference to his characters to the point where one wonders whether he really wants to involve the audience in the human drama. In his cosmic vision individuals hardly matter. "They don't need you," a migratory worker says of the farmers who use and discard them. "They can always get somebody else." So nature remains overwhelming, while the story sputters along in elliptic flashes. Off-camera narration by one of the fugitives, the antihero's kid sister, seems a belated attempt to fill in the narrative gap. But Linda Manz's voice is so wan and nasal that this reviewer found much of her commentary incomprehensible.

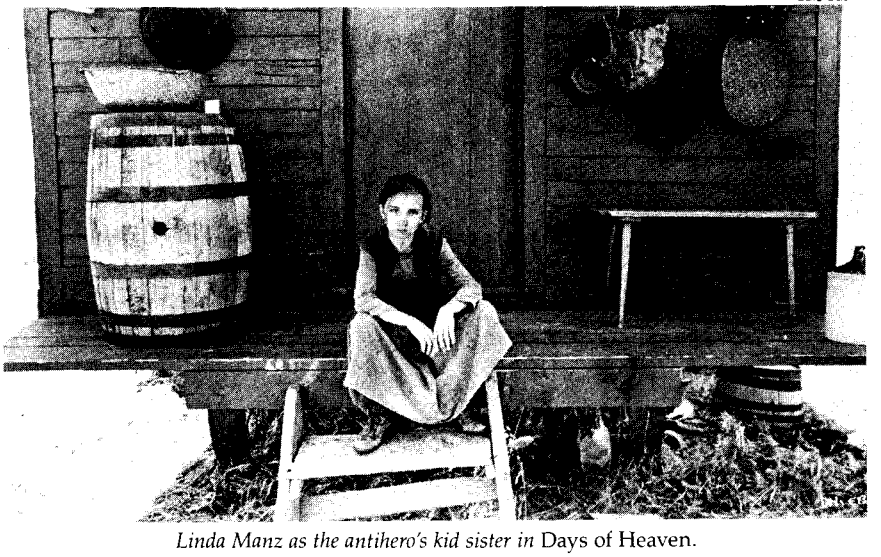
Still, if the drama is undernourished, there is a brilliant sense of period, as displayed, for example, in the loving design of costumes and sets. And breathtaking images remain—a black train crossing a railroad bridge against a blue sky, the farmer's gingerbread Victorian house standing alone in the midst of the illimitable plain, the locusts pecking away at the wheat, and the fire roaring across the prairie. *Days of Heaven* is an absorbing if ultimately unsatisfying movie, unsatisfying because in the end, for all its solemnity, it does not take its characters seriously enough.

Whatever their shortcomings, *Interiors* and *Days of Heaven* will demand the most serious consideration as reviewers now compile their obligatory lists of the ten best films of 1978. High seriousness too often defeats itself. In these cases, it has given a dignity that, however flawed, lives on in memory. ◉

Edie Baskin

Days of Heaven—*Malick's view of nature overwhelms the characters.*

Edie Baskin



Linda Manz as the antihero's kid sister in Days of Heaven.

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THEATER

Grown-Up Theater

by Martin Gottfried

THERE WAS A time when the New York theater stood for braininess, wit, and sophistication. These qualities, for many, are no longer to be desired. They are not "real" qualities, I'm told. (What's real is pro football and jogging.) Sophistication has had it, and so Broadway is now Oklahoma City, thanks a lot.

When I was at college (in the Fifties), Broadway's sophisticated days were presumably over already. My friends and I bemoaned the last of George S. Kaufman and Cole Porter and Gertrude Lawrence, not realizing that life could get duller, and would. Broadway, 20 years ago, remained clever. There were always comedies with Franchot Tone or Barbara Bel Geddes; satirical revues of the latest books and plays; drawing-room comedies about civilized people. There still was a theater that put its best brains forward and asked the audience to do the same.

Gorey Stories was smart in much the same way—too smart for its own good, these days. It played one, count them, one performance: opening night, October 30, 1978, at the Booth Theater.

The illustrated stories and doggerel verse of Edward Gorey are well known as cult phenomena. The current Broadway production of *Dracula* owes much of its success to Gorey's scenery.

His work could be glibly (but accurately) described as camp Addams. Campiness—in this case comedy of style—is not itself offensive, and the blithe perversity and immorality of Gorey's work has a refreshingly disrespectful air about it. It presents the great cliché of our day— "style versus content"—extended to its ultimate absurdity. For Gorey more or less bases his humor on the contrast between perfect manners (the *style* of behavior) and immorality, sexual perversion, and sadism (a somewhat extreme *content* of behavior). His description of an orgy is exquisitely discreet: "unusually well-endowed" people doing "the oddest things" on "a curious sofa."

Gorey's comic strips and limericks would hardly seem adaptable to the stage. Their main attraction is the author's pen-and-ink drawings—Gothic, scrunchy, weird, and born of a medium entirely different from that of the theater. How could anyone dramatize these bare-bone stories, these almost-one-liners?

The Broadway production didn't. Between adaptor Stephen Currens and director Tony Tanner, a dozen or so of Gorey's stories were staged—as stories. Occasionally an actor recited a line as dialogue, but usually the sketch-line plots were simply narrated, accompanied by the cast of nine, in mime, or dance, or song.

In short, the production was creative.

Now I happen to hate creativity—creative people, creative games, creative shoes and playthings and living—but most of all spare me creative theater. Yet *Gorey Stories* wasn't cute about invention, it was ingenious. New classical music was composed for it—a quirky score by David Aldrich for a chamber group. The mime movement and musical staging was not coy but funny. The stories dealt knowingly with opera and literature. Here was actually an evening's entertainment for the educated.

Gorey's Gothic understatement was complemented by Tanner's stylized staging. Such outrageously macabre tales as "The Loathsome Couple" and "The Deranged Cousins" were theatricalized with dry panache. "The Blue Aspic," with its musical parodies, giddily explored the baroque world of grand opera, its freaky aficionados, its coloraturas brained by one high C too many.

Gorey Stories was smart, too smart for its own good, too smart for Broadway.

This show proved too smart for Broadway. The newspaper strike didn't help. Abandoned to the television reviewers, *Gorey Stories* was condemned soundly and roundly by the lovers of *Grease* and *The Wiz*. The producers saw no point in going on; the morning after opening there was not a single customer at the box office.

Yet go and figure this one out. Eric Bentley's *Are You Now or Have You Ever Been*, which is as unusually adult for New York as *Gorey Stories* was, has been thriving. *Are You Now* is a documentary play drawn from the notorious history of the House Un-American Activities Committee and its Forties-Fifties investigations of "communism" in show business. The author, a respected drama critic and professor, combined the many changing committee members into three; he reduced weeks of testimony to a couple of hours; he selected a few of the witnesses. With all these choices, Bentley could have slanted his documentary, though it would take little to make HUAC appear deplorable, the cooperative witnesses look like finks, the defiant ones like heroes.

The first act of Bentley's documentary dwells on the testimony of Larry Parks. You may recall Parks as the celebrated star of the 1946 film, *The Jolson Story*. His career was ruined simply by his being called before the committee. The naive but idealistic young actor was left to beg for his dignity, to be spared the "naming of names"—the betrayal of others who, after all, had done nothing illegal or immoral. Bentley deals gently with Parks and Sterling Hayden (who finked but regretted it), condescendingly with Abe Burrows (depicted as part fox, part weasel), admiringly with Lillian Hellman and Arthur Miller (who told HUAC to piss off and survived to grandeur). Bentley saves his fury for the most glamorous witnesses who betrayed friends for career purposes. Indeed, *Are You Now* is understandably tougher on Elia Kazan and Jerome Robbins than it is on the dense wretches who sat on the committee. We expect more of a Kazan or a Robbins than we do of a congressman. But isn't it easy to judge in hindsight? Bentley plays the armchair saint, and one feels compelled to suspect the gossip-column aspect of this work, the supercilious morality of one who, after all, did not himself risk a career on the HUAC battleground.

Overall, *Are You Now* covers most of the points—the destruction of innocents, the terrorizing by baboons, the toadying of cowards, the survival of the dignified, the trashing of the Constitution. What we see is the birth of Watergate, "national security" as a paranoid's rationale for fascism.

Is it because of the celebrities examined in its material that Bentley's play is succeeding? Partly, perhaps. But I think—or at least I hope—that the production is appealing to its audiences because of the challenging material, for the pleasure of being righteously angry about a political matter. It is adult, provocative theater, theatrically staged. So, if one is depressed by the failure of such sophisticated entertainment as *Gorey Stories*, one can be cheered by the success of something as substantial as *Are You Now or Have You Ever Been*. ◉

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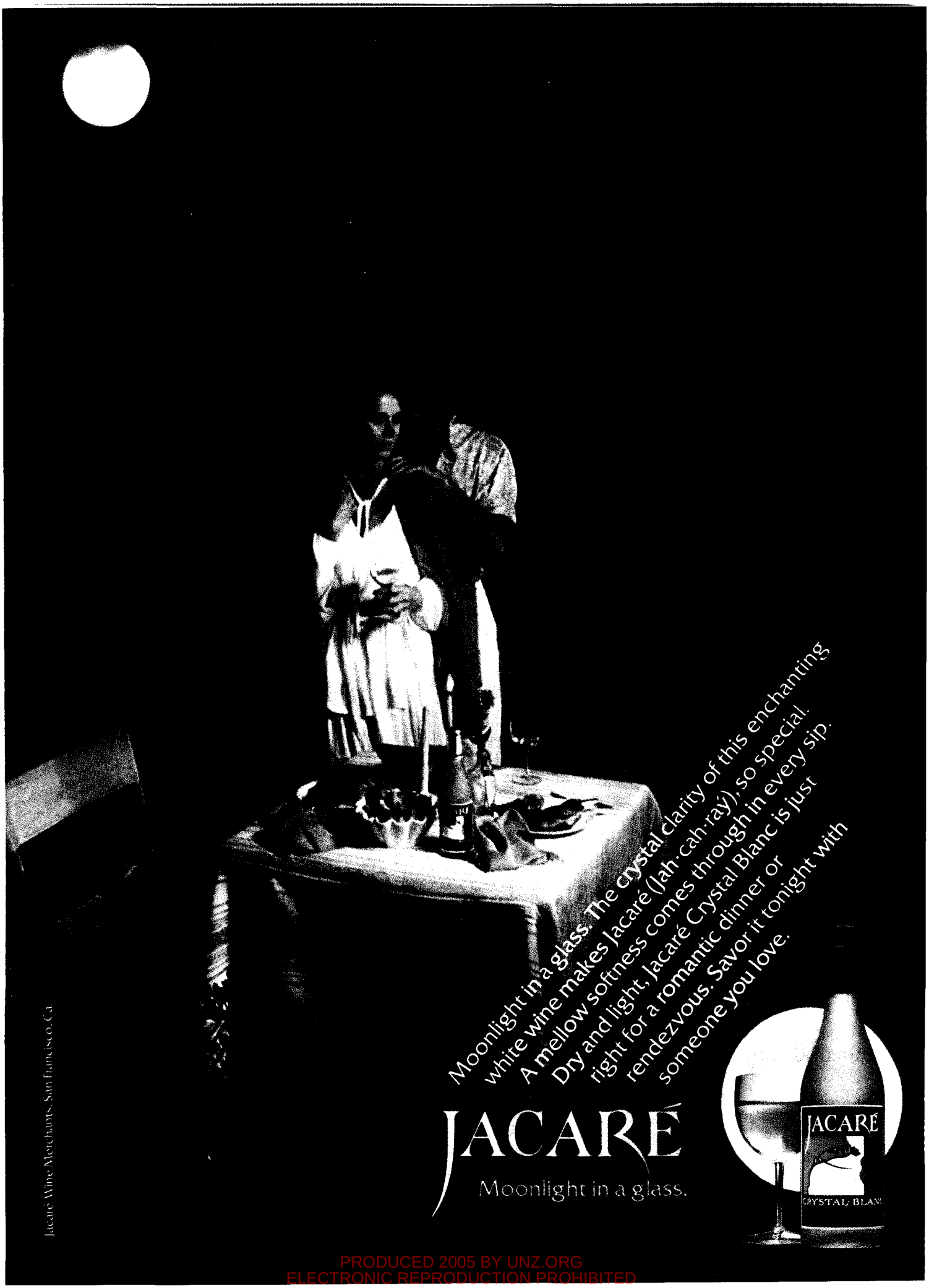
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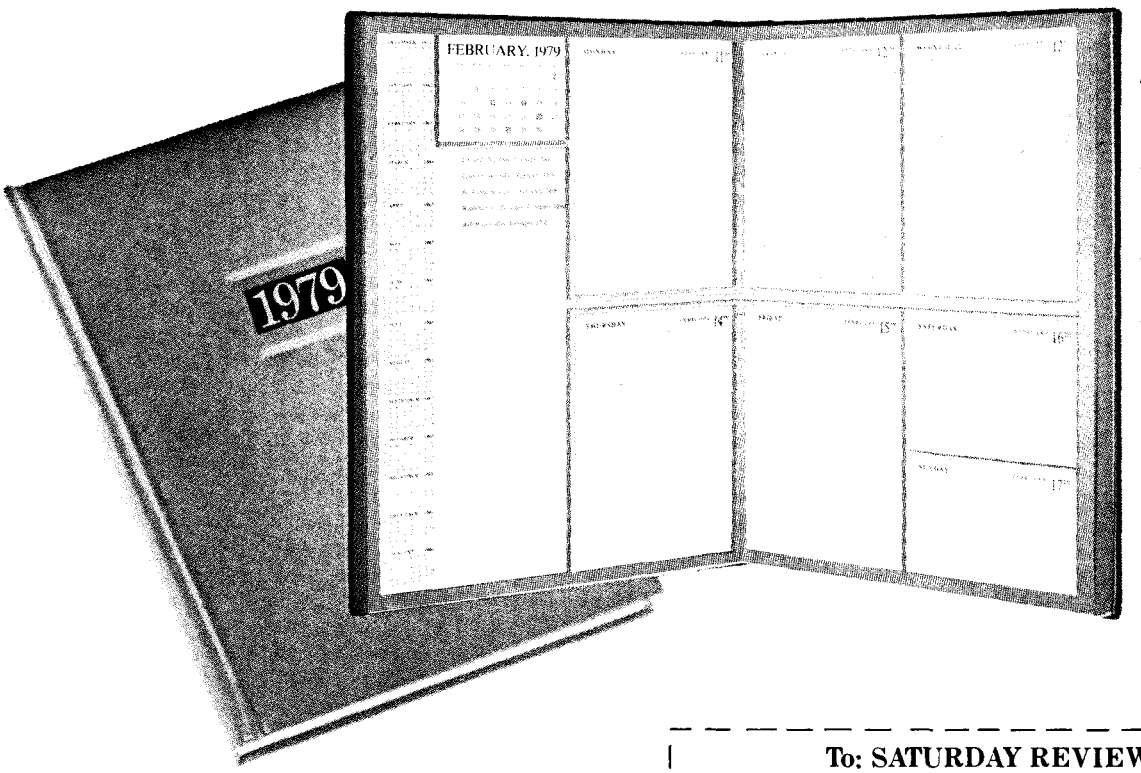

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BOOKS

Literary Terrorist

Collected Works of Edgar Allan Poe: Tales and Sketches
Edited by Thomas Ollive Mabbott
Belknap/Harvard University Press
1432 pp., $45

The Tell-Tale Heart: the Life and Work of Edgar Allan Poe
by Julian Symons
Harper & Row, 259 pp., $10.95

The Extraordinary Mr. Poe
by Wolf Mankowitz
Summit Books, 248 pp., $15

Reviewed by Paul Zweig

IT IS HARD to imagine Edgar Allan Poe in that enormously hopeful time of America's history which began in the early 1830s, when he published his first stories, and ended around the time of his death, in 1849, when the nightmare of the Civil War was already beginning to cloud the democratic prospect. In fact, it is hard to imagine Poe in any time at all, and that is his peculiar genius. He so completely sealed out of his writing the amazing reality of 19th-century America that his work seems enclosed in one of those buried places he was always evoking: a cut-off, disturbingly silent realm, filled with rotting phosphorescence, with only the voice of one insanely rational inhabitant—a king without a kingdom—who bears no believable resemblance to a living person, he is so fleshless, so uniquely a voice, and yet who is transparently, even horrifyingly, the author himself, Edgar Allan Poe.

As both Julian Symons, in *The Tell-Tale Heart*, and Wolf Mankowitz, in *The Extraordinary Mr. Poe*, point out, Poe may have been personally eccentric, and was surely perverse, in ways that harmed no one more than himself. He may have hated the idea of "democracy" that excited his contemporaries. But he wasn't isolated. On the contrary, he was more a man of his times than any other of the handful of writers who, in one of history's truly curious reversals, turned America's literary infancy into a golden age. For one thing, he lived by his pen in a time when few American writers of real talent would have dreamed of trying. In the absence of an international copyright law, it was simply more profitable for American publishers to pirate English books and magazines than to pay a living wage to American authors. Yet Poe, in a losing race with poverty, wrote stories, literary criticism, poems, humorous squibs, catchy articles, and journalistic hoaxes. He edited some of the best-known magazines of his day, starting with the *Southern Literary Messenger*, which helped establish his reputation, and ending with the *Broadway Journal*, which destroyed it, at least with his contemporaries.

Americans in the mid-19th century were the most literate people in the world. In this raw, culturally isolated land, books were a portable Europe and England. They stood for a larger horizon of human affairs. To meet this hunger for something to read, a sprawling American Grubb Street sprang to life, spawning magazines and newspapers right and left. Names like William Gilmore Simms, Evert Duyckinck, Rufus Griswold, Lewis Gaylord Clark competed for readers, made fleeting alliances, founded magazines and sank with them. It was an unscrupulous, largely mediocre profession, in which plagiarism, pirating, and paid critical puffs were the rule. It is ironic that Poe's uniqueness in American literature comes, at least in part, from his being the lone denizen to have survived that forgotten literary jungle.

Poe's specialties were "terror" and "ratiocination," a genre he created and which others later developed into the detective story; and on his turf, it was generally agreed, no one could match him. He was so confident of his powers that he never hesitated to integrate into his stories material from other writers, as if by toying provocatively with plagiarisms of plot, character, and even language, Poe underscored his genius for the psychology of "terror," which soared so far beyond his mosaic of sources.

Today we give a respectful nod to Poe's poetry, and are pleasantly surprised at the intelligence of his literary criticism; but his stories give enduring pleasure. And therein lies the real mystery of Poe: What is there about these histrionic tales, with their two-dimensional characters, their artificial decors, and their predictable narrators, that refuses to be dated? Poe's literary props—the decaying houses, ghoulish aristocrats, victimized women, and morbid landscapes—are all pure Gothic. His overripe style is more like that of utterly forgotten romancers such as Bulwar, from whom he cribbed at times, than it is different from theirs. The jack-in-the-box surprises and gruesome turns of plot, so relentlessly the same from story to story, seem a cross between a practical joke and a nightmare. Even the perfectly paced, almost Sophoclean symmetry of the best stories seems like a provocation when applied to such thinly conceived events and such humanly unbelievable characters.

Yet without a doubt the stories are masterpieces. The best of them—"William Wilson," "The Fall of the House of Usher," "The Pit and the Pendulum," "The Tell-Tale Heart"—emit a single note of pure, taut hysteria which, despite Poe's outlandishness, seems so true, so exactly to reflect the terror of life itself, that we are conquered by them. The stories may resemble Borgesian wind-up toys, but the terror is real. And the neurasthenic narrator, sick with nerves and superstition, hanging desperately onto his logical faculties, goes straight to our hearts.

Reading Symons's and Mankowitz's fine accounts of Poe's tragic life, it occurred to me that Poe's stories constitute one of the most bizarre spiritual autobiographies ever written, and that the first-person narrator who describes tremulously, over and over again, the shocking events of his nightmare world is Poe himself. Not the desperately poor journalist and magazine editor who specialized in making enemies of everyone who could help him—while living an oddly cheerful domestic life with his sickly cousin-wife Virginia and her mother Mrs. Clemm—but the interior Poe who found, in these literary nightmares, an exact language for the personal horrors that drove him to drink, and finally to death.

Poe, of course, was no Wordsworth or Rousseau. He had no interest in the exaltation of sincere feelings. He was a liar, a spinner of deceits. His stories begrudge the reader their truths. They are parables of self, yet spun at an apparent right angle to any shared reality. What could be personal about the shadowy marriages and mirage-like houses; the baroque decors; the beautiful dying wives who come back to haunt; the helpless men, transfixed by horror? Yet

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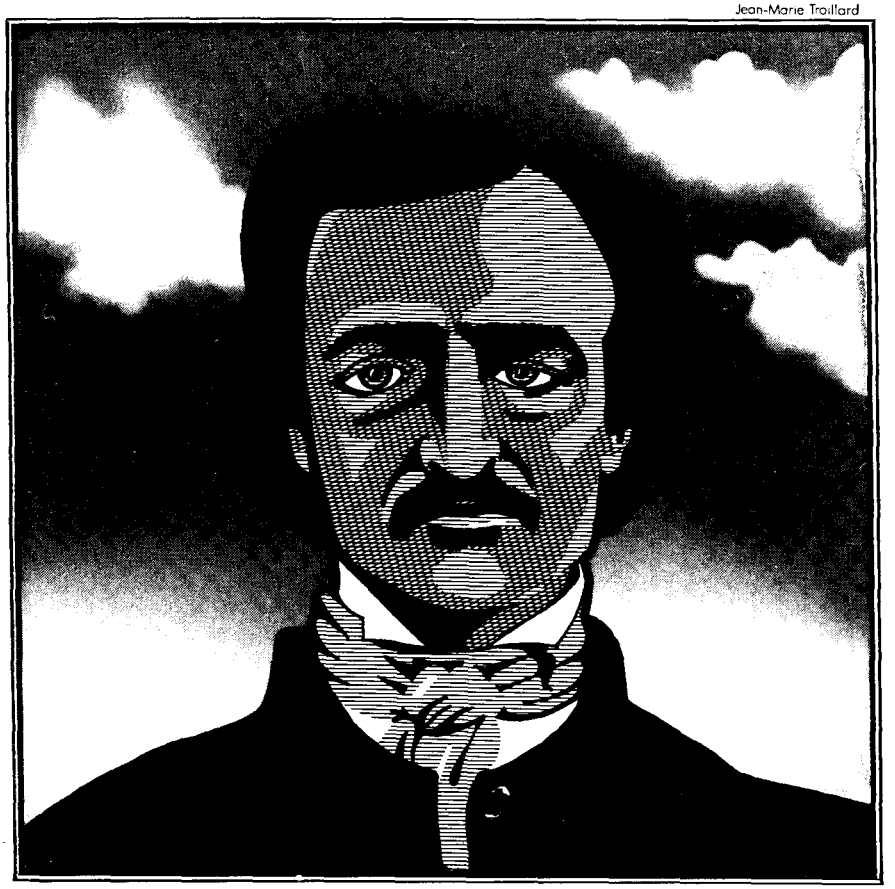
Jean-Marie Troillard



how can we not see, behind sickly heroines like Ligeia, Berenice, Morella, and Madeline Usher, the tubercular pallor of Virginia whom Poe struggled to provide for until she died; whom he loved, but hated too, with his characteristic ambivalence, enough to create these destructive parables of the under-life of his mind? His narrators are vaguely European, aristocratic, rich—exactly the sort of role that Poe, with his Southern code of honor and sense of personal style, played at in the salons of Philadelphia and New York. While living in a succession of bare, shabby houses, he imagined some of the most sumptuous domestic interiors in literature. There is in Poe an element of wish-fulfillment, but so bald, so childish, that it becomes touching, for all its will to horrify and repel.

Poe is, in this sense, a proto-modern; a man of language and deceit who knew instinctively what Freud was shocked to discover half a century later: that a man's lies tell more about him than his most sincere utterances. Lies, the more incongruous the better, are traps for the truth. Lies outwit the compulsive discretion of the surface man, and become vehicles for darker impulses that crowd aboard, and ride them into the light of discourse. Listen to my lies, to my fantasies, Poe says, and you will know me, if you dare.

Thomas Ollive Mabbott's massive two-volume edition of Poe's stories culminates a lifetime's work by the most prodigious Poe scholar of our time, who left the manuscript for these volumes on his worktable when he died 10 years ago. Mabbott precedes each story with a short essay, summarizing the important critical opinions, listing Poe's sources, and giving a history of the story's publication. The text of the story is accompanied, at the bottom of each page, by a complete index of variant readings, and is footnoted with a thoroughness that defies the imagination. Mabbott tracked down every tell-tale trace of Poe's literary indebtedness, reconstructed the history of everything he ever read, expanded on every historical reference no matter how trivial. He listed every parallel he could find between characters in the stories and people Poe actually knew, complete with their biographies, even if the parallel consists in no more than a shared first name. Students of Poe have, in these volumes, a definitive research instrument—maybe too definitive. For there is something absurd about this cascade of facts trailing after stories so thoroughly cut off from worldly reference; the facts, gloriously unearthed and appended, instead of enlightening the stories, seem to clank behind them, a little bewildered, as if wondering what on earth they are doing there.

The biographies by Symons and Mankowitz represent achievements of a different order. Neither writer attempts to marshal a definitive array of facts, in the exhaustive mode that has virtually paralyzed serious biography in recent years. On the contrary, their books are relatively short, superbly told accounts of Poe's life, based, for the most part, on the research of previous scholars.

Both books recount largely the same story: Poe's birth, in 1809, to a tubercular actress, who died when he was three; his troubled adoption by the Richmond, Virginia merchant, John Allan; the failure of Poe's relationship to his guardian, culminating in a series of desperate episodes, beginning with Poe's scandalous year at the University of Virginia (he left after acquiring the fatal habit of alcohol) and ending with Poe's expulsion from West Point, which consecrated the break with his wealthy guardian and launched Poe into the life of corrosive poverty from which he would never escape. Then came the struggle to survive as a writer; the nest of unfailing devotion he built around his child-bride, Virginia, and her mother, Mrs. Clemm, whom Poe called "Muddy" and loved as the mother who would never turn her back on him. Mankowitz and Symons both underscore Poe's terrible swerves from success, the crescendo of "fugues" into alcohol and laudanum. These eventually made him so unreliable that even at the height of his fame, in the mid-1840s, when, as Mankowitz points out, "The Raven" was being acclaimed in England and Europe as the most famous American poem ever written, Poe could barely scrape together pennies for a miserable sustenance by doing the grossest sort of journalistic hackwork.

There are, to be sure, differences between the two books. Symons underplays Poe's addiction to opium, while Mankowitz emphasizes it. Symons keeps to a fairly circumstantial narrative of Poe's life, while Mankowitz leans effectively, I think, on Marie Bonaparte's great psychoanalytical study of Poe. Symons has a lot to say about Poe's writing, especially in the second, shorter part of his book, which is devoted to the literary works, while Mankowitz keeps wholly to the life, using the poems and stories only insofar as they have a biographical bearing.

Symons has an excellent chapter on Poe's poems, and a spirited defense of Poe's virtually forgotten reputation as the best literary critic in Jacksonian America. But he is so intent on demolishing virtually everything anyone has ever said about Poe's work that a querulous tone creeps into these chapters. And Symons's arguments are

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rarely solid enough, or expressed fully enough, to justify the tone. If there is a flaw in Symons's biography, it is in fact an impression of haste. As Symons renders the turns of fortune of Poe's eccentric existence with quick, graceful touches, one becomes hungry now and then for a less economical narrative.

On this score, Mankowitz is more satisfying. He lays out his thesis simply: Poe's fascination for dying beauties, and the lambent necrophilia of his stories, perhaps of his life too, are directly linked to an unconscious memory of his tubercular mother who Poe last saw, pale, theatrically beautiful, in her coffin when he was three. He adds to this a subsidiary thesis: Poe's double personality of a passive visionary and a manic, hyperactive bully resulted from his alternating addictions to opium and to alcohol.

But Mankowitz's theses remain discreetly in the background, perhaps because Poe is all too good a psychoanalytical specimen. His sadomasochistic obsessions; his peculiar marriage to Virginia, with its aura of incest; his compulsive "fugues" into failure, which he conceptualized in his famous story, "The Imp of the Perverse," seem to need no comment as paradigms of mental aberration; and this frees Mankowitz to tell his story, which he does with an engaging fullness of detail.

Mankowitz is especially good on the decay of Poe's love life, from the high-flown teenage passions expressed in his first poems, to his furious, possibly consummated affair with Mary Devereaux in Baltimore, to his probable impotence later, under the influence of laudanum. Mankowitz paints a vivid picture of the years after Virginia's death in 1847, as Poe butterflied from one pallid poetess to another, a pathetic romantic lion, while he made ever deeper plunges into the alcoholic low-life of Philadelphia, New York, and finally Baltimore, where he was found on Election Day 1849, in a dingy bar, half out of his mind, and already dying.

Poe's achievement, like Melville's and to a certain extent Hawthorne's, was to give literary expression to the dread that haunted America's dream of success in the 19th century. If anything was possible in this land of wealth and change, then personal failure, even simple unhappiness, was obscene, a skeleton in the cellar of democracy. While most Americans were out setting off Fourth-of-July candles, Poe was locked in the basement of his own desperate character, which he wrote about with bizarre realism.◉

Paul Zweig is a freelance writer and chairman of the comparative literature department at Queens College.

Of Treacle Tarts and Eternal Love

The Sea, The Sea
by Iris Murdoch
Viking, 512 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by
Margaret Drabble

IN THESE DAYS of doubt, when so many novelists appear tormented by the validity of their art and the anachronistic irrelevance of their chosen form, how can we not feel spontaneous delight in the ever-renewed existence of Iris Murdoch? Here is a novelist whose books glitter and expand with exhilaration and joy, like the sea itself.

Her subject matter has of late been dark—jealousy, the violence and bitterness of the marriage bond, the pangs of aging—but a radiant energy illumines all, making us think not 'How sad,' but 'How extraordinarily, how frighteningly *interesting*.' Her latest work, *The Sea, The Sea*, is a triumph of her particular sorcery, holding the reader captive from its first magic evocation of a strange house on a strange British coast, through its characteristic web of tangled relationships and coincidences, to its mysterious denouement. It positively shines with invention; people, faces, clothes, seascapes, flowers, pebbles, birds, accidents, meals, memories, conversations flow from the cornucopia—or in this case from the Triton's horn. For this is a book of the sea, that mighty manifestation that even the most prosaic of writers cannot help but regard as a symbol of something or everything.

Her admiration for Shakespeare has been expressed in all her works, both directly and indirectly: If *The Black Prince* was her *Hamlet* and *Othello* in one, this is her *Tempest*. Her narrator is an aging Prospero, a theater director named Charles Arrowby who has decided to drown his art and retire to his solitary castle by the sea, there to find he knows not what—peace, self-knowledge, redemption. Naturally, he fails, for he is pursued not only by an astonishing cast of characters from his past life who are determined not to leave him alone, but also by the demons of his past. In the first pages, he records his vision of a great sea serpent, the monster of jealousy, which appears to him in such vivid form, coiling itself 20 or 30 feet from sea, that Arrowby is obliged to interpret the vision as the after-effect of an LSD trip taken several years earlier "to please a woman." The monster is real enough, like Caliban, though other eerie events have more natural explanations.

We learn that Charles Arrowby's life has, in his own view, been dedicated to the loss of his first and only love, who married another, and for whose sake he never married. On this desolate coast, inevitably, she reappears, now an old woman, gray-haired, graceless, heavy, dull, chained to a tyrannical husband. Arrowby decides to liberate her, to regain her, to compel her to be true to their early love. Thus he returns to the life of manipulation and trickery and stage management that he had sworn to abandon. He is a man of power, and he cannot renounce it. He stages his own drama, resorting even to abduction. His friends—an assortment of ex-mistresses, theater acquaintances, and the cousin-rival of his boyhood—try to dissuade him from this disastrous course, presenting one after the other a "normal" interpretation of his irrational revival of an ancient passion. But despite themselves they, like the reader, are sucked into the whirlpool of Arrowby's mind.

References to the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* also abound—is the stout and aging Hartley Helen of Troy held captive against her will by a false abductor in the form of her legal husband, or is the narrator himself the ravisher? Or is Hartley nothing but a shadow Helen, placed there by gods or demons in order to stir up raging warfare in the hearts of men? Is love an illumination or a blindness, a passionate act of devotion and attention to the loved object, or a mad possession, regarding nothing but its own arbitrary ends?

These may seem abstract questions, more suited to the philosopher or the analyst than the novelist, and there are readers who find Murdoch's obsessive working of them tedious and repetitive and disembodied. Her books are both schematic and teasing; they mock the reader, like John Fowles, with a promise of revelation, with the expectation of large answers. It is true that they are not conventionally realistic, in the sense that the great 19th-century novelists were realistic—she makes little attempt to hold a mirror to social change, to reproduce faithfully the tedium of real time, to sketch in the wastes of non-event. Everything is highly charged, highly colored, theatrical.

The bizarre coincidences of the plot and its reverberating imagery have much in common with late Shakespeare—with the severed heads and fake adulteries of *Cymbeline*, the violent jealousies and resurrected queens of

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Edgar Blakeney

The Winter's Tale. In *The Sea, The Sea* there seems to be even more real magic than in her previous novels—when the narrator is pushed into a foaming cauldron he is rescued by his cousin James, a general who is also a Buddhist and a poet, and there is a suggestion that James, a man of strict spiritual discipline, is possessed of supernatural physical powers. Quasinaturalistic suggestions are offered for these powers, but the questions remain open. Is Prospero a magician or a deluded artist believing himself to be one? In Shakespeare's case, one might reasonably assume that he chose to drown his book and retire because he felt his own achievement was growing too godlike—the artist who plays at being God, dazzling reader or spectator with aery shows, *dei ex machina*, masques, and insubstantial pageants must feel awe and humility in the knowledge of his own merely human power. Much of Murdoch's recent work seems to be an elaborate inquiry into the nature of artistic illusion: The ordinary stuff of invention comes so easily to her that she has been forced to stop a stage further along the road than most of us and ask where, ultimately, the road goes. After 19 novels, a writer may well feel she has created a solid alternative world. There is a nice moment in this book, when the narrator reflects that it is a pity that his most malevolent ex-mistress, the predatory Calypso-style Rosina, has never played Honor Klein—a character in one of Iris Murdoch's earlier novels, *A Severed Head*.

Yet none of these reflections go any way to explaining the novel's particular fascination, its grip on the imagination. Novels about novels, art about art, are usually dull and introverted, of interest only to other artists or to the problem-solving academic. *The Sea, The Sea* leads outward, not inward. It vibrates with physical reality. The coast, with its wiry grass, its skinny fuchsias and gray-leaved sage, its big round yellow boulders covered in hieroglyphs of dark yellow seaweed stains, its mottled pink pebbles covered with patterns that Mondrian would have envied, is a real coast, not merely a place in the mind. Hartley's bungalow, Nibletts, is alarmingly real, from its large, clean, bristly orange doormat to its electric fire set in the wall, its bowls of roses and its large brown print of a medieval knight.

Nor is social observation lacking—when the narrator calls for the first time at Nibletts to visit his lost Helen, his Penelope, his Eurydice, he calls at six o'clock, which for him, a man of the world, is drinks time, "a sensible and humane time to call," but in fact, of course, he disturbs the retired couple in the middle of their evening meal of ham and salad. The conjunction of ham and salad with undying love and murderous, unremitting jealousy is an indication of the effortless revelation of the many layers of life: Banal conversations are counterpointed with the most intense and hysterical in a way that is strikingly natural rather than forced. Perhaps one of Murdoch's gifts is her ability to show us that no one lives on the level of the banal—for actresses, artists, Buddhists, and poets words may come more easily, but the passions of the inarticulate are as violent, and she can make objects speak—gate-legged tables, yellow cotton dresses, a pair of field glasses, a bag full of cosmetics.

She is a generous writer, and one cannot resist the impression that a good deal of what she writes is written simply for pleasure. Take, for example, the narrator's meals. Reading about food in books is a time-honored delight, and the descriptions of Charles Arrowby's

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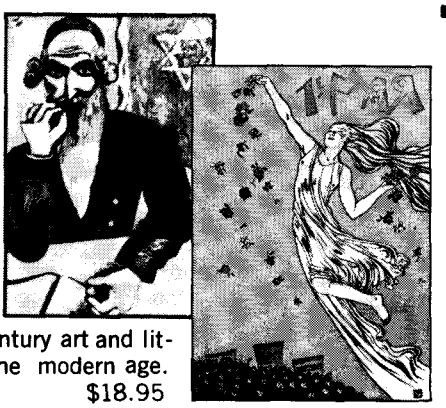

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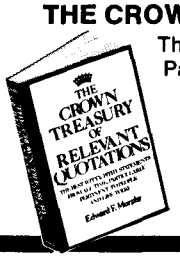

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meals outdo the charms of any cookery book. For most of the novel, he cooks for himself, on the principle that no meal should require more than five minutes of preparation. This does not mean that he is indifferent to what he eats. On the contrary, he has highly developed views, which include a positive approach to tinned, frozen, and packaged food, and even to tomato catsup. (Some may think that at this point his iconoclasm goes too far.) Characteristic menus include: kipper fillets rapidly unfrozen in boiling water with fried tinned new potatoes, followed by Welsh rarebit and hot beetroot with good salty New Zealand butter; scrambled eggs followed by shop treacle tart squeezed with lemon juice and covered with yogurt and thick cream; fish cakes with hot Indian pickle and a salad of grated carrots, radishes, watercress, and beanshoots, followed by cherry cake and ice cream. He also presents a devastating analysis of the inhibiting effect of *haute cuisine* on real hospitality, of the anti-food drinking habits of actors, and on the sheer joy of eating alone. I suppose one might be able to do a structural analysis of the Arrowby eating habits, but why bother: This is not symbolism or myth-making, it is normal human creativity, exercising itself in one of the most ordinary of human spheres.

I have only one fault to find, which sounds serious though, in fact, it is joyously irrelevant. Just as the linguist in *A Word Child* bore little resemblance to a real academic linguist in either his work or preoccupations, here Murdoch's actors and actresses seem curiously unprofessional, being both too seriously absorbed by and yet unattached to the daily grind of their work. The gossip is a playful fantasy of theatrical gossip; the careers of the ex-mistresses are at once too glamorous and too intense. The treacle tart and the hot beetroot are real enough, but a mention of *Figaro* or *A Month in the Country* induces a kind of over-excitement in the narrator, and turns him into a stage villain. Even the greatest bullies in the theatrical world do not often make remarks like "I never let her play Lady Macbeth"; nor do real actors ever successfully conceal their emotions while reflecting, "I am an actor after all." The gap between art as a job and art as life is wider than Iris Murdoch indicates, but her closing of the gap is one of the things that make her work so exhilarating—a cheat, perhaps, but a cheat in the right direction. ◉

Margaret Drabble is author most recently of The Ice Age.

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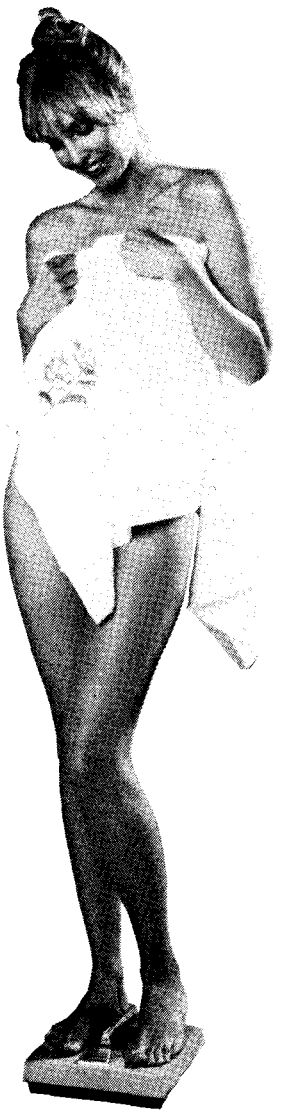

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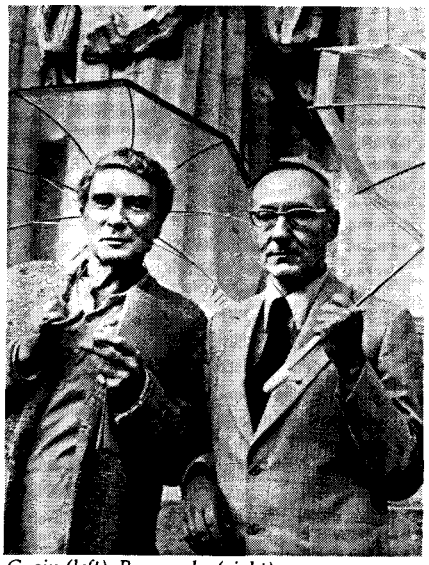
François Logarde

Gysin (left), Burroughs (right)

The Third Mind
by William S. Burroughs and Brion Gysin
Viking Press, 194 pp., $12.95

WILLIAM BURROUGHS IS A very special creature, I hear. It seems there's a furtive blue light that plays around his sombrero. Brion Gysin, for his part, has the aura of a High Renaissance cardinal, and together they are that fabulous 20th-century mythological beast, the Third Mind.

I hear that one day—it was in either the spring of 1958 or September of 1959 or possibly the summer of 1960—Burroughs returned to his hotel on one of the narrowest and most literary streets of Paris to find his artist friend Brion Gysin cracking up over a chance discovery that he christened the Cut-up Method—a writer's equivalent of the painter's collage technique, and a kind of contact point between words and pictures.

First of all, the Method provided a solution to a suitcase full of Burroughs's junk-dream writings, which were cut up into his *Nova Express/Soft Machine/Ticket That Exploded* trilogy. On the simplest level, *The Third Mind* (which is naturally made of cut-ups) is the story of the collaboration and extraordinary friendship of two peripatetic geniuses. That part is quite clear.

But *The Third Mind* (which also includes further literary and graphic extensions of the Method) is like Hesse's Magic Theater: Not For Everybody. What it is depends not just on who is reading it, but when he is reading it and what he is looking for in it; successive readings will yield entirely different books. For example, the authors say their work can be put to such uses as mind expansion and time travel; it can be used as "a manual of elementary illusion techniques," and as a key to decoding what other writers are *really* saying. In other words, it is theory, method, and object in one package—Zenbook, dreambook, and mirror of the reader's imagination.

The Third Mind has no genre and no literary predecessor. It is one of a kind, in a category of its own. First assembled in the early Sixties, it is being published now after a delay of more than a decade to work out the mechanical details. It's still several light-years ahead of its time.

—CAROLE COOK

The Realists
by C.P. Snow
Scribner's, 336 pp., $12.95

IN HIS PREFACE to *The Realists*, a study of some of the great 19th-century novelists, C.P. Snow reminds us that some of our deepest knowledge of human affairs has been learned from their books. In our advanced age, which abounds with bad literary ideas, Lord Snow's supremely congenial premise—that we turn to great literature primarily for magnification, clarification, insight into the stuff of actual experience, both private and social—is at once exhilarating and consoling.

From Stendhal to Proust, through Balzac, Dostoyevski, Tolstoy, Pérez Galdós, and Henry James, *The Realists* proceeds as a series of biographical portraits, more concerned with animating the lives of particular "masters" than with close textual analysis of their work. Of course, some of the author's judgments of value—is *Remembrance of Things Past* really the surpassing work of its genre? Is *The Portrait of a Lady* James's crowning achievement? Can there ever be a last word in the fierce battle between the Tolstoyans and the Dostoyevskians?—will continue to be debated as long as people read and talk about books. But *The Realists* is no mere string of pronouncements. Rather, it is an acute and ample exploration of some of our most treasured artists, focusing on the ways in which each author transformed his own experience of the world into fiction. A love of literature itself, and a passionate curiosity about the human enterprise, animate every page of *The Realists*. The book does what the best criticism ought to do—sends us back to the texts themselves, to be overcome once again with their power to move and enlighten us.

—JANE LARKIN CRAIN

Family Occasions
by George R. Clay
David Obst/Random House
248 pp., $8.95

IF GEORGE R. CLAY had tackled this autobiographical material when he began writing professionally—some 30 years ago—what kind of first novel would he have written? Maybe, like so much fiction sprung from adolescent turmoil, the young Clay's debut would have been charged with the urgency of unresolved feelings and marred by an excess of self-centered sensitivity. But Clay has waited a long time for the emotional dust to settle, and, if there's a loss of urgency, there's the gain of other, possibly more precious, commodities. Grace. Humor. Warmth. Balance.

And balance is what narrator Chris Hooper needs when remembering himself as one of four Philadelphia high-society children unsettled—yet never unhinged—by the desertion of their alcoholic, philandering father. Little sister Marlie may harbor sad fantasies of paternal reunions, but the trauma of being abandoned could be precisely what turns her into something more substantial than the average Main-Line debutante. Older brother Peter may loathe both his absent father and his tactful new stepfather ("Make Marlie hate him, and you can have my electric trains," he tells Chris), but he nestles into an early marriage; heading a household of his own is easier than trying to play surrogate father. And, most affectingly, Chris and younger brother John shake free of their illusions during a nightmarish visit to the boozy Greenwich Village apartment of Father and his bohemian lady.

Perhaps Clay smoothes out the broken-family hurts a bit *too* gently. As Chris says, "Then the ugly feelings passed, and I wanted to wipe away the fact that I'd felt them." But the Hooper family's forbearance—stiff upper lips abounding—never allows *angst* to infect nostalgic glimpses of a reasonably normal, however privileged, coming-of-age. Glimpses like "the wind in your face when you're 12 years old and coasting downhill on a bike." Or the away-from-home challenges of prep school and Harvard in the Thirties. Or the serene hideaways of the quietly rich, where "everything bathed me in blue and white and peach. Those were Grandmother's colors." They are Clay's colors, too, and the interplay of pastel brushwork with a family's black-and-white pain is what gives this belated first novel its own delicate tensions and shadowed charms.

—JOSH RUBINS

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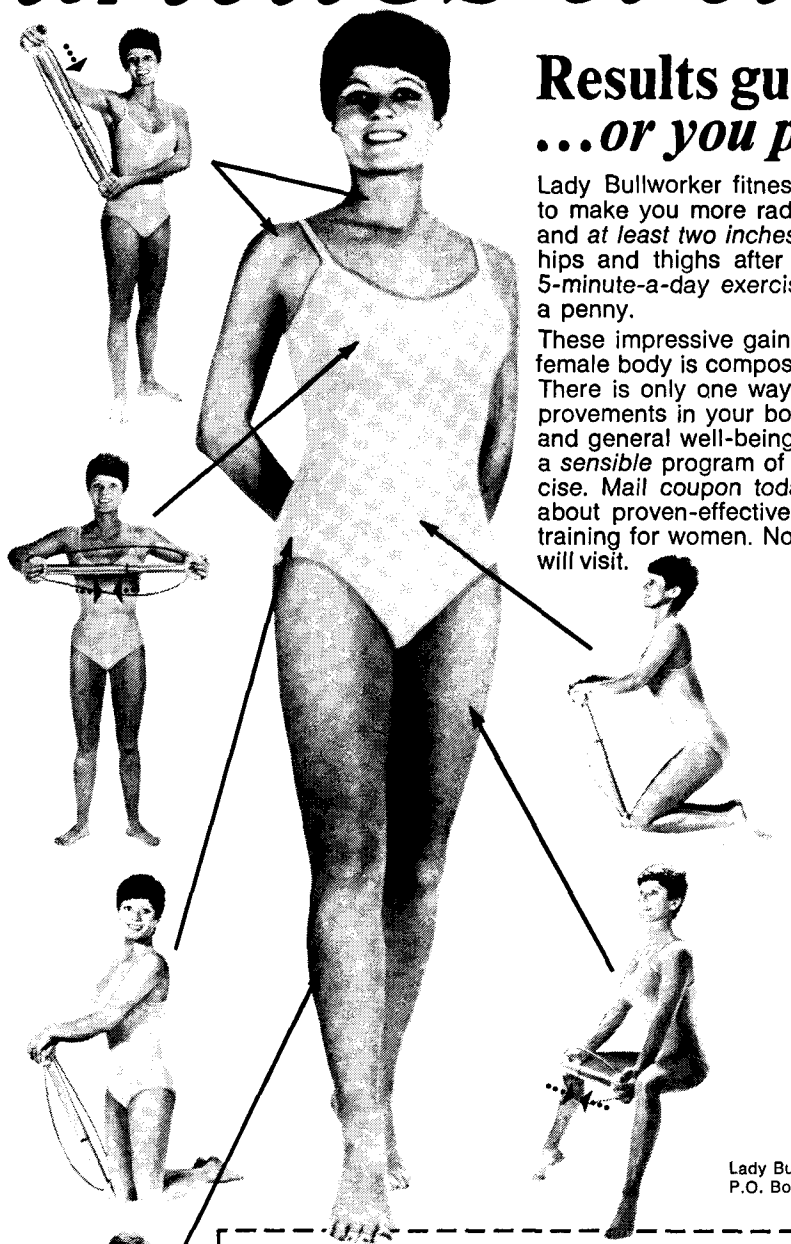

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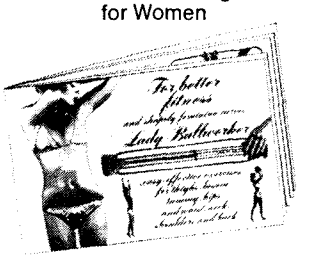

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FINE PRINT

Small Press Successes

by Doris Grumbach

From Bracebridge Hall

AT THE START of the always hopeful New Year I want to remind readers that there is a world of publishing alive and well out there beyond the sometimes manic fringes of commercial publishing. Small presses are thriving, if not as numerous as they were five or six years ago.

The presses that have endured those first hard years are now on firmer ground. Their books *look* better, and their manuscripts are more carefully chosen. And most important, distribution companies (such as Truck in St. Paul and Book People in San Francisco) have been formed and are now operating effectively to solve the knottiest small-press problem, circulation.

Private presses, which not only publish but also print their books, have a long history in this country. Now they have joined the ranks of the small presses, and often show their wares at small-press fairs. Add to them little magazines like the *Hudson Review, Ontario Review, Antaeus, Partisan Review,* and *Sewanee Review,* all of which are now regarded as part of the small-press scene, and you will see that what started out as a platoon has become a good-sized publishing regiment.

Now to particulars. Here are some notable books from both small and private presses. Many are beautiful.

Northland Press (Flagstaff, Arizona) publishes attractive books, most of which are devoted to the work of writers, artists, and illustrators who confine their interests to Western subjects. In 1975 Jeff Dykes, the eminent bookseller, bibliophile, and collector, made a bibliographical survey of 50 Western illustrators. Now he has written a study of Western illustrators that should catch the eye of collectors of books on that subject, and of readers who enjoy books on Western-American literature and art.

Western High Spots ($12.50—a great bargain for such a carefully produced book) instructs the beginner on how to start a collection of books about the 20th-century West, and then describes 229 superior ones to look out for—the "high spots" of illustrated books. Written in a chatty, personal style, this large volume makes fascinating reading and is full of useful details about the well-known books of the period as well as little essays on rare books in the field.

From a hefty volume to two slight ones: It is always satisfying to come upon chapbooks of fine poets that are made with good covers, sewn bindings, carefully selected paper, and well-chosen type, set on a hand-operated platen press. Among the best of such slim editions are those published by Scott Walker at Graywolf Press (Port Townsend, Washington).

The title of *Smoke's Way*, by William Stafford ($4), is taken from a lovely poem: "Smoke's way's a good way—find,/or be rebuffed and gone:/ a day and a day, the whole world home."

The volume consists of nine soft-spoken nature poems quietly printed and sewn into gray-green covers, with the title page printed in smoke gray.

Or consider the same press's small-sized (in both senses: 4½ by 6½ inches, in a printing of 325 copies) edition of Stanley Kunitz's *The Lincoln Relics* ($3). Kunitz has written a lovely, evocative poem about the poet's thoughts and emotions as he looks at an exhibit of the contents of Lincoln's pockets the night he was shot. My feeling is that this is indeed the shape in which to read good poetry: a few fine lyrics, as in the case of Stafford, or one somewhat longer poem, lovingly and tastefully printed.

While I am dwelling on such publications, let me call to your attention a book of poetry published by Kathy Walkup's Five Trees Press (San Francisco, California): Denise Levertov's *Modulations for Solo Voice* (paper wrapper $10, signed editions of 50 bound copies, $75).

Levertov's book has an interesting history; the poet donated her sequence of 12 moving lyrics to the three women who produced her book. Thus, *Modulations* is the perfect example of cooperation in the publication of a good book, fine in every respect. It is, as well, an example of what can be done far better by small presses than by the profit-hungry trade publishers with poetry.

In 1875 the noted illustrator Randolph J. Caldecott collaborated with a skilled wood-engraver, James D. Cooper, to illustrate Washington Irving's then 50-year-old little book, *Old Christmas*. Encouraged by the success of that venture, they worked in the next year on illustrating *Bracebridge Hall*, which Irving had written early in the 19th century under the pseudonym Geoffrey Crayon. Both books are vintage Irving, charming and splendidly humorous. The little tales re-create the goings-on at the fictitious Bracebridge Hall: parties, weddings, and all the Christmas rituals characteristic of a great country house. "An old English family mansion," wrote Irving, "is a fertile subject for study," and so it turns out to be.

Now a small publisher of Irving lore, Sleepy Hollow Restorations (Tarrytown, New York) has issued the two books in facsimile of the originals, *Bracebridge Hall* at $12, *Old Christmas* at $10. All the hundreds of judiciously placed and beloved illustrations by Caldecott are here, the pages well leaded, arranged for easy reading, and reproduced with unusual fidelity by Meriden Gravure. The texts are still amusing to read and pleasurable to handle. The covers are die-stamped cloth, as

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were the originals. If there is any possible criticism of these facsimile editions, it is that the engravings are not as sharp or clear as those in the original. Details and clarity of the plates seem to have diminished with time. No matter, I suppose; the books are still full of Irving's subtle, good-humored satire of the beefy British gentry.

My admiration for *Old Christmas*, by the way, was shared, when it first appeared last year, by the American Institute of Graphic Arts, which named it as one of the best books of 1977. This year's companion volume, *Bracebridge Hall*, may well be equally honored; it is equally good.

There is some discussion these days about the dangers to the integrity of these small presses that might be posed by the grants given by the National Endowment for the Arts. More often than not a superior book will contain an acknowledgment that funds for its publication were provided by NEA. A recent letter to the *Laughing Bear Newsletter*, published by Laughing Bear Press and edited by Tom Person, makes this point. Gerald Lange, who publishes good-looking chapbooks at the Bieler Press, writes:

I've received a matching grant from the NEA for the production of a number of chapbooks. It's good to have that money as I've been unable to purchase materials for the next chapbook. I wonder about the effect of government-sponsored literature on contemporary writing and small-press publishing. . . .I wonder about those presses who have become totally dependent upon government grants. Are they any better than propagandists for the government's view of literature? We tend to condemn such publishers in 'controlled societies' but what's the difference? Obviously there's a certain ideological difference and that's quite significant, but there's always a certain element of danger. If it ever came to the point where I consciously modeled my work toward certain 'expectations' I'd no longer be the 'Bieler' and it would then be a matter of publishing strictly for the bucks. If I'm going to do that I might as well get out of literature and into something that makes the real *bucks*. I hope it never comes to that.

Leonard Randolph at NEA counters that the *contents* of a proposed book are not judged for grants so much as the plans for its production. But Lange's worries are well founded, should the day come when the government, in its largesse, dispenses funds for work written in its interests and excludes adversary and critical creative projects. At the moment, however, the union between NEA and the small-press publishers is a healthy and sustaining one. ◉

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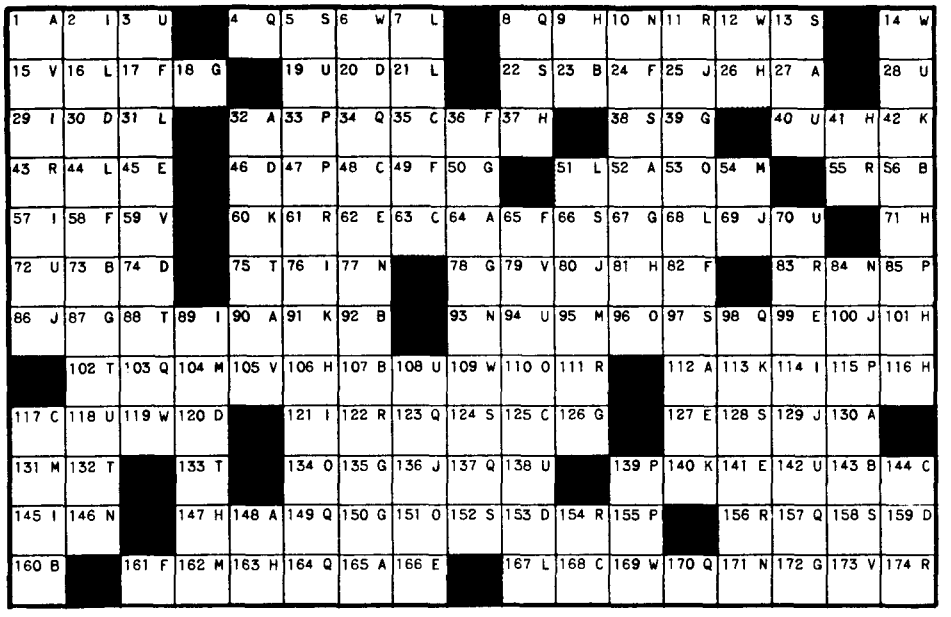
DOUBLE-CROSTIC

Number 162

by Thomas H. Middleton

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.



Answer to ***Double-Crostic 161*** appears on page **7**.

CLUES

A. Impertinent, presumptuous young man
32 52 112 64 90 130 1 148 165 / 27

B. U.S. Indian leader (1804–38), Seminole chief
73 92 143 160 23 56 107

C. Expertly, easily
144 168 35 48 63 117 125

D. Longfellow called them "mournful" in "A Psalm of Life"
20 46 74 159 120 30 153

E. Bought; swapped
45 62 99 127 141 166

F. Refinement
17 24 36 58 65 82 161 49

G. Type of *smugglers*
50 78 135 150 126 39 67 87 172 / 18

H. "The singing masons building ____" (3 wds., *Henry V*)
26 41 81 71 101 116 9 106 147 / 163 37

I. Russian-French chess player (1892–1946)
57 2 145 121 76 89 114 29

J. Very succinctly; to be brief (3 wds.)
80 100 136 129 25 69 86

K. Bellini opera
91 113 140 42 60

L. Accepted willingly; hugged
68 51 167 7 44 16 31 21

M. Zestful, brisk; having a penetrating taste, spicy
131 162 104 95 54

N. Indurate
84 171 10 146 77 93

O. Chief city of the Ruhr valley
96 110 134 151 53

P. "Mighty ships ten thousand ton / ____ like lumps of lead" (2 wds.; Hodgson, "*The Song of Honour*")
115 33 155 85 139 47

Q. Policy based on power rather than ideals
157 103 8 137 149 4 164 98 170 / 34 123

R. Magnum opus of Theodor Fontane (2 wds.)
154 55 61 122 43 83 11 111 174 / 156

S. Greedy
13 5 66 97 158 22 38 128 124 / 152

T. Italian poet (1544–95; "Jerusalem Delivered")
75 133 102 88 132

U. One of Robin Hood's Merry Men (full name)
28 94 108 3 70 40 19 72 138 / 118 142

V. Mountain range that comprises Aconcagua
15 79 173 105 59

W. Temporary withdrawal from activity
14 6 12 109 119 169

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THE BACK DOOR

Death As A Fact of Life

To the man who told Socrates, "The thirty tyrants have condemned you to death,' he replied: 'And nature, them."

—Montaigne

WHEN RALF Brent telephoned me at the office to say that he is dying of a common but not well-known disease, amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS), and that he would like to share with the world some of the revelations this experience had engendered, I became irritated. Why should he burden *me* with this grim news? We knew each other only slightly, professionally. Wasn't Ralf better acquainted with some other editor whose busy day he could disrupt with this distressingly intimate bulletin?

Worse, the progress of the disease was evident over the telephone. ALS, more familiarly known as Lou Gehrig's disease, is characterized by a degeneration of the motor cells in the spinal cord and brain, leading to muscle weakness which may affect hand, foot, arm, leg, tongue, and other muscles. Ralf's speech was slow, slurred, as if he were drunk. As he talked, I could envision the wasting away of his strength, the progressive immobilization until, having confined him to a chair and made him speechless, practically mummified (except for his eyes and mind), the infection finally embraced the center of his brain. For several minutes, my day's agenda felt breached beyond repair—the paperwork seemed insignificant, the interviews futile—until, pragmatically, somewhat guiltily, I assigned the matter to a shelf, to cope with later, maybe, if time arose.

The temptation to leave it on the shelf was powerful. I would have, if I could have. But its presence gnawed at me, like an accusation. Somehow, it seemed easier to confront the fear than to banish it. For my peace of mind, I visited Ralf for an interview.

When I arrived, his circumstances were even glummer than I'd suspected. Not only was he sick, he was alone—recently separated from his wife and more recently written off by his grown children who, according to their father, could not adjust to the fact of his disease. He was living in a small overfilled apartment, having moved there from a larger house that he had had to give up after a venture with which he'd been associated went bankrupt some time ago. The Chemical Bank was still chasing him for money—but what did that matter now?

He told me about his life. Born Ralf Bilderback 61 years ago in Bristol, Pennsylvania, he is the grandson of a Methodist circuit rider, son of a bookkeeper for a seed company, and younger brother of a boy born with cerebral palsy. He remembers his brother vividly now—the embarrassment and pain of having a cripple in the family—as he faces his own debility. From the age of four, Ralf read aloud to his brother, who could not read. He went on to mold a radio career out of his reading voice. When his first boss, at WTNJ in Trenton, told Ralf that Bilderback was an impossible name for radio, Ralf borrowed George Brent's from a movie poster. Having once prided himself on his elocution, he now is particularly chagrined by his drawl.

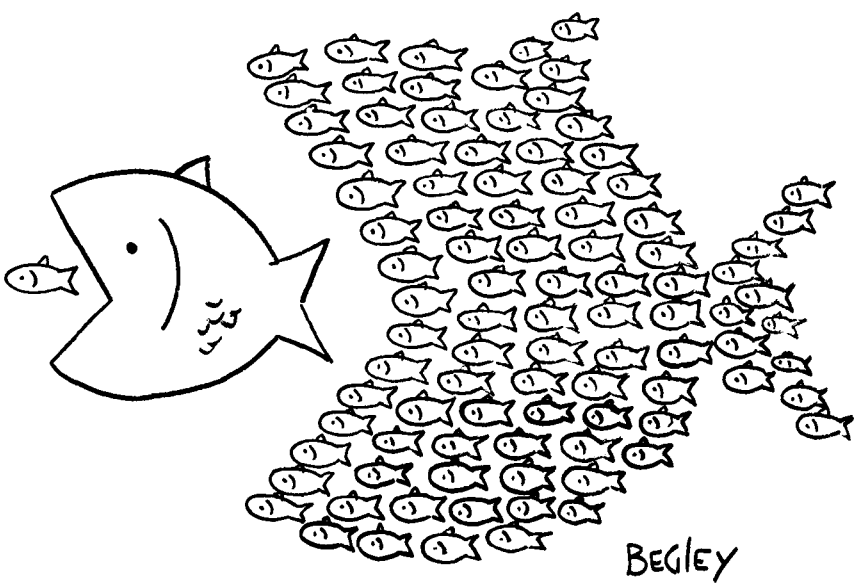
He recalled the day five months ago when his doctor told him he had ALS. Suddenly, Ralf did not recognize himself. On the way home, as he walked through Central Park, everything appeared searingly beautiful and fragile. He debated telling his family, his friends, his colleagues at Media Industry Newsletter, an influential trade paper of which he was editor. He would have preferred not to. He does not enjoy being the center of attention. But he did not like being perceived as a drunkard either.

What surprised me about Ralf was the absence of self-pity. Sure, the disease presented problems: social problems—whether or not to let others know, then how to help them cope with the news; physical problems—how to button one's shirt (Ralf is learning to wear pullovers), how to type when his fingers forsake him; strategic problems—should he allow himself to be used as a guinea pig for ALS researchers or employ his special talents to increase awareness about the disease; problems of planning—acclimating a successor at work, arranging for people to care for him when his body fails him, and so forth. But there is no shame, no embarrassment, no awkwardness, and above all, no terror, no time for terror when there is so much worthwhile left to do.

"In truth," wrote Montaigne, "you would rob a man of much if you weighed him without the honor and greatness of his end." Ralf Brent, who prides himself on his ability to turn a crisis into an opportunity, is turning his disease into opportunities—to inform others about ALS and secure funding for researching its causes; to encourage those similarly afflicted not to give up or hide; to tell those who, like me, find mortal illness somewhat embarrassing, that death is simply a fact of life, like any other.

Ralf says: "I have been given so much: 61 great years and the gift of being able to plan the rest of my life." His ability to say that, so matter-of-factly, should prove a gift to those who hear him, and to those who will remember having heard him, after he is dead.

—CARLL TUCKER



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